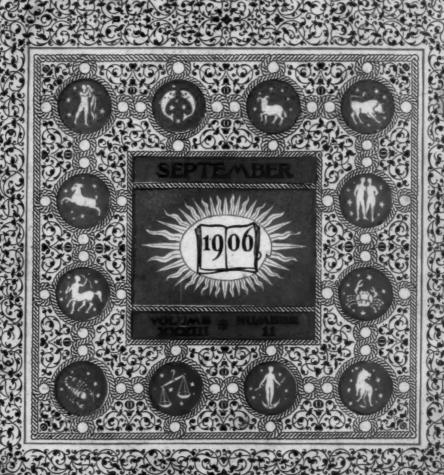
THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

ST NICHOLAS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



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"THE CADDIES DID FINELY, TOWNSEND SAID." (See page 964.)

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 11.

WHICH WON?

By Anna P. Paret.

"Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained, The reward of it all."—PROSPICE, Browning.

THERE was no question about it. The goal seemed farther off than ever. Two years of strenuous effort had not brought her to the school championship in golf, and Janet Martens was beginning to have doubts whether she would ever get there. To have a "first" in anything—in study or athletics—meant a high honor at Hillsdale. It meant that on those bulletin boards or rolls of honor that hung in the dining hall the winner of a "first" would see her name emblazoned for future classes to gaze at with wonder and reminiscent admiration. It was an honor for which all the girls were trying, as the custom was new enough to be interesting even to school girls.

But long as she might for honors, Janet knew she had small chance for them in her studies. She was the pet of her class, and unknown to herself and unacknowledged to themselves, the pet of most of the teachers as well. But not even her most ardent admirer ever claimed for Janet any special studiousness. A chafing-dish spread or a game of football between the two rival boys' schools in Harbury would drive Geometry and Latin and Literature far from her mind and a rueful face and a very blank memory would show themselves in class next day.

So sweetly and gaily did she take the punishment for unprepared lessons and so contrite was the answer when the necessary lecture in Miss Drane's room was ended, that even the principal found herself compelled sternly to suppress an indulgent smile as Janet went out.

The whole Junior Class was united in a body of vigorous "rooters" whenever any question of defence of their golf champion was to the fore. They would gladly have formed themselves into a flying wedge and "rushed" any body of Senior girls who dared to question her ability in the one line in which it might be claimed that she shone. But such "rushes" were not permitted at Hillsdale and so the Junior girls could only snort with rage and wish they were boys. They firmly believed that this time Janet was scheduled to win. In the Spring she had lost by 2 holes only and a whole long Summer near a golf club had given her good chances for practice.

The school champion was Mary Taylor. Tall and angular and full of snap, she could drive her ball, nine times out of ten, straight from the tee at No. 16, "The Cropper," on to the green below, and Janet knew she had never "a ghost of a chance" for that hole in spite of her famous long putts. And to Mary's long drives the Seniors pinned their faith.

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just after the boys had played their championship games and the interest in golf was particularly keen just then. Quite a gallery from the schools and the town turned out each season to see the finish. At a dance the night before the girls' trial round, Tom Baldwin, a Junior at Talton Hall, came over to cheer Janet. She liked him and his cheery encouragement and points culled from his own experiences over the links were certainly a help. But when she looked across the room and saw Townsend, who had just won the Interscholastic Championship of Harbury, talking most earnestly to Mary Taylor her heart sank.

The Interscholastic Medal was duly presented that evening, amid cheers and rival calls, the defeated Ridgely boys getting their chance when the second prize went to their champion. And then, while lemonade and cakes were disappearing, the usual "post mortem" was held, and every stroke, almost, of the whole match, was discussed for and against with ardent en-In the firelight in the hall Janet thusiasm. stood surrounded by her usual following of boys and girls. Her wind-browned cheeks and clear blue eyes glowed and the little wavy locks that the dance had ruffled made a halo round her pretty head.

"The caddies did finely," Townsend said, as he passed her. "Did you notice how well my boy located the ball on the fifth?"

He and Bob Wilson stopped beside the fireside group and the talk was carried on, the subject being one that interested all.

"Good scheme to do something to show that we appreciate that they 're doing better," some one said.

"Oh, I wish we could," Janet exclaimed. "I 've been crazy to for some time. I 'm especially interested in them because one boythe one who nearly always caddies for me-is in my Sunday School class. I persuaded him not to caddy on Sundays during the Summer while I was n't here, and I 'd like to show that I appreciate his keeping his promise. I think a Christmas tree would be a fine plan."

"That 's a jolly idea!" roared Bert Townhe started forth to stir up interest in the new victory for your own."

The Autumn matches were scheduled to come plan. An hour later he dropped on a window seat beside her and repeated, "That 's a ripping good idea of yours, and we 've made a lot of plans already. I'm going to get a committee started and put you on it. Make you chairman if you 'd like," he added.

> "Ye powers, no!" burst from Janet. "Don't spoil my nerve for to-morrow's golf with any such awful idea as that. I'll help from a back seat but I 'm not keen for the fierce white light that beats upon a chairman."

> Saturday, the day of the qualifying round, had arrived and Janet, resolute, if slightly nervous, stood at the first tee feeling of her driver and waiting for her partner, who had not been true to her promise of promptness.

> "I'll give dem clubs a gorgeous scrubbin', Miss Martens, if ye'll let me have 'em a few minutes while ye 're waitin'," her caddie, Willie Binns, whispered confidentially. "I hear Townsend, de champeen, say 'de moral influence of clean clubs is most important to a player' a few minutes ago. He 's a-talkin' to Miss Taylor, Miss Martens, and if he gives her any points I 'm a-goin' to be there to hear 'em. Jest gimme the clubs and I 'll go and squat down behind their bench."

A keen eye it was that Willie kept on "de champeen" and a keener ear open for any crumbs of wisdom that might be let fall. Therefore his disgust knew no bounds when he heard Miss Taylor say: "You'll caddy for me, won't you? You helped me a lot last year with your coaching and I 'm awfully anxious to make a good showing this year."

Observing as he was, Willie did n't notice the furtive glance Bert Townsend cast in the direction of Miss Janet Martens and Tom Baldwin, who stood testing her driver while he smiled encouragingly down into the blue eyes below him.

"Certainly I will if you want me," was the answer. "But don't count on me for next Saturday, please," he added. "I'm not going to caddy for anyone in the final match. I'm afraid they might say again, as you told me some one did last year, that I had helped you send. "You've hit it, Miss Martens." And to win. You must have all the glory of the

flaunting the champion as her caddy to the little Irish heart. undimmed glory of success without him was a made the most of the joys of the moment.

Whether Mary preferred the prestige of more in tone than in the bottom of his staunch

When the cards were handed in and the question between that young lady and her own scores were posted his courage went down, for At any rate she smiled cheerfully and Miss Taylor's showed 93 to Miss Janet's 99. This was not encouraging even though the Willie rose from his squatting position and others were much worse. And Willie trudged meandered off in the direction of the caddy- home in a silent, pre-occupied mood. How house, to get some more sandpaper. On the could he help her win? There were so many way he fell foul of Jim Mullane. It was al- dangerous spots on the course, any one of



"JANET STEPPED UP WHILE BINNS RAN FORWARD TO WATCH THE BALL." (SEE PAGE 967.)

It was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

Mullane's conciliatory opening.

are de best caddy in de bunch," responded Willie in scornful tones. "Wid Mr. Town-Martens in de finals."

Taylor's goin to win sure," boasted Jim.

"You won't talk so smart next Saturday,

ways a dangerous moment when these two which might be her undoing next Saturday. rival caddies met, for neither could resist the The pond, for instance, which she had just "scrappy" tendencies born in their Irish blood. escaped by a scant foot and a half - that was likely to lose her a hole. And the long grass "I'm a-goin to be fore-caddy for de lady- on the side of the hill, where half the players champeen, I am. She chose me 'cause I 'm lost their balls coming over "The Cropper." de best caddy of de lot," was young Mr. It was his business to save the balls from being lost, but could he do anything against Miss "My girl's going to beat yours, sure, if ye Taylor's longer drive there? Miss Janet was almost sure to lose that hole. It was an important point, too, being so near the end of send to help her, I'll lay she don't beat Miss the course. One hole there might settle the championship for the weal or woe of Master "Oh! you go home and think again! Miss Binns's loved Miss Janet. And if she lost, how could he face Jim Mullane's scorn?

Meantime up at the club house Janet you won't"; but Master Willie's confidence was Martens's flushed face was bent over her teacup while she listened to Bert Townsend's congratulation on the good score she had made. "It's not the best I've done" she ruefully

"It 's because you think you can't, I 'm sure," he said. "Have more faith in yourself." "It's too bad, is n't it," broke in Bobby Wil-



" IN THE CHEERING CROWD OF CADDIES MASTER BINNS LED THE WAY."

answered. "I'm in anything but a mood of liams just then, "that they can't get the girls' self-congratulation. I've been blushing with trophy ready to be presented after the match shame ever since that beastly sixteenth hole. next Saturday? Of course, it 'll make a nice Why, oh, why can't I drive on the green as all little event at the Christmas tree dance, but it the boys and some of the girls do?"

seems a long time to wait after you've won it.

to the girl who wears it."

"It 's to be something to wear this time? How jolly!" exclaimed Janet.

"It's going to be an awfully pretty watch fob. I'm on the committee and helped select the design," Townsend volunteered. "I hope"but he pulled himself up short and no one knew what he hoped about the fate of the prize.

It was the day of the final struggle. list had narrowed down, as everyone expected, to Mary Taylor and Janet Martens, and the adherents of these two stood about the first tee while the contestants prepared to enter the fray. The rival caddies glowered at each other across the tee.

Mary Taylor drove first, with a ripping, selfconfident swing that sent her ball far over toward the green. Janet was nearly even with her at two, but one stroke behind at the approach and even a long putt failed to win the At the ninth hole Mary was hole for her. "two-up" and Janet's followers began to grow uneasy. But she took the tenth hole 5-4 and tied the eleventh and twelfth. The thirteenth also went to her and the fourteenth and fifteenth to her opponent, making Mary Taylor again two-up with only three to play.

Binns was in a state of the doleful dumps. His pride called to him to do something to save the day. And the sixteenth-the Cropper-yawning ahead of his favorite! With that lost the day would be lost-and his confident boasting a broken bubble. There was a superstition among the caddies that a "found ball" was especially lucky, and Binns fingered longingly in his pocket a ball which he had picked up in the long grass that morning, meditating whether to offer it to Miss Janet. But while he hesitated Miss Taylor drove and, as usual, her ball soared cleanly forward and dropped just below the green. With a brave smile, but with a rather heavy sensation in the region of the heart, Janet stepped up, while Binns ran forward to watch the ball. It was a good clean hit and hope soared with the little white sphere and then fell dead as it lost itself in the long grass on the side hill. Down the slope bounded Binns and as he ran, to the delight of his favorite and her friends the ball rolled out of the

I hope it will be pretty enough to be a credit grass ahead of him to the very edge of the green.

> "By Jove!" roared Tom Baldwin, "that had snap behind it to come through the grass!"

> And Janet hardly felt the ground under her She was too delighted to notice the sour smile on Mary Taylor's face as she made a poor approach and dropped her ball ten feet from the hole. At the very rim of the cup Janet's ball landed and a soft little tap put her in, while her rival putted past the hole and lost it 4-3. Elation carried Janet triumphantly through the seventeenth and with the score tied they started off for the eighteenth hole. Mary Taylor had undoubtedly lost her temper. She played with a snap that was positively vicious and as they came to the approach this was especially evident. Past the hole and over the side of the green went her ball, and the second approach and a beautiful putt only served to lose her the hole and the championship by one stroke.

> In the cheering crowd of caddies Master Binns led the way, and a happy young man he was as he recounted his idol's triumph.

To Janet's ears there was no sweeter music than the chant of the Juniors, in which a vigorous crowd of the boys joined as they escorted her back to Hillsdale Hall:

> " Martens, Martens, Martens wins! She's our favorite! Nineteen-six is proud to say -Now and then and every day-Martens-she's all right!

Rah, rah, rah, and rah, rah, rah for Nineteen-six's champeen!"

The Christmas tree and dance were set for the last night before the schools broke up for the holidays. The weeks before it had been filled with strenuous class work in which Janet had done better than ever before. Success had been a tonic which spurred her brain on to fresh efforts and she almost forgot that she had thought herself one of the stupid girls. But in this new cheer there was always a bitter little fact in the background. Mary Taylor's dislike of her ever since she had won the golf championship had been so marked that it had been noticeable not only to her but also to her friends.

"I'd most rather not have the old fob than have her look at me as she does," sighed Janet on the Sunday before Christmas. But when she saw the fob lying there on the table at the club in its velvet case, ready for presentation, she forgot the bitterness in the warm congratulations of her friends.

Fifteen remarkably clean Corktown youths filed into the club-house in awe-struck silence. They were much impressed by the importance of being "the main part of the show," as they thought.

The club house in its holiday greens and holly berries was a charming sight, and the big Christmas tree held not only gifts for the caddies but little amusing trifles for everybody, while underneath were piled holly-trimmed bundles of good things for the boys to carry home.

By nine o'clock the whole village had assembled for the festivities and before the gifts from the tree were distributed Mr. Walter, the president, made his annual presentation speech to "the champion of the fair sex." It seemed to Janet that she had never been so happy in her life. Everything was at high tide—life, fun, success. She danced with almost every boy in the two schools, it seemed, and the unwonted excitement of dividing dances between rival claimants made her rather giddy with happiness.

No little warning voice whispered to her that "pride goeth before a fall," but a little cold breath of discomfort did mar her supreme happiness when she passed Mary Taylor in the hall and for her cheerful nod and smile got only a contemptuous stare and cold bow. The fact that Bert Townsend was her escort may have had something to do with the marked snubbiness of Mary's greeting, but Janet, who was never silly and self-conscious about the boys, did not think of such a thing.

Bert probably did n't think of it either, for he dropped on the seat beside her in the hall to cool off by an open window, and exclaimed confidentially:

"Say, it is n't very good form to criticize one girl to another, but I can't help saying that I think Miss Taylor is showing an awfully unsportsmanlike spirit. She 's been so disagreeable to you ever since the golf match that everyone has noticed it."

Outside the stars were brilliant and the win-



" "I SAVED THE GAME," SAID THE CADDY."

try air that blew in was delightful after the quick two-step. While Townsend went to bring her a glass of lemonade Janet leaned out and looked up at the sky.

"Ain't she a daisy?" came a voice from below, muffled but audible. "She's got de champeenship for fair, now, and I 'm tellin' you on de q. t. dat I 'm proud dat I helped her to it."

"Ah, go'long, Bill. Ye're too conceited. Caddying don't help much," sneered another voice.

"Maybe not, kid, but I saved de game by droppin' a ball on de sixteent' green or she 'd a lost it, sure."

It was all as clear as day! And when Bert Townsend came back he found two big blue eyes staring out of a stony, frightened face, and a limp little girl who had forgotten that she had ever wanted lemonade.

"Oh, Mr. Townsend," she wailed, "I've no right to the prize. Please take it and give it to Mary Taylor. My caddie cheated. I've just heard him telling another boy."

But by the time the tale was told Janet had decided that the brave thing to do was to go and tell the story herself. At the end, with flushed face and shining eyes she handed the little velvet box to her rival, and waving aside the protests of the by-standers, she got out of the room, somehow. No one followed her. They all knew by a subtle fellow-feeling that it was a tragic moment in the girl's life.

Ten minutes later, with firm lips and bright eyes that showed that she had not shed a tear no matter how hard the fight had been, she came back into the room ready to say goodnight and merry Christmas to her friends. She found the dancing over and little goodnight groups standing about. Bert Townsend jumped on a chair and began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there has been talk for some time among the boys of Talton Hall of establishing a sort of prize to be awarded each Christmas to the fellow who has been elected as the best all-round chap in general character. The Ridgely fellows have joined in the plan with enthusiasm and at the last meeting it was decided to include also the young ladies at Hillsdale if they cared to come in."

A cheerful "Yes, yes!" from the girls settled that point, and with scarcely a pause Townsend continued:

"There is n't time this year for a formal election, but yet we want to award our first prize, so I take the liberty, backed by every fellow in the room, I think I can safely say, of nominating Miss Janet Martens."

Then the tears did come, that Janet had so pluckily held back, as she heard the roar of applause from boys and girls and teachers, too, who had all sympathized with her in her disappointment. Those were very dewy blue eyes that looked up at Miss Drane and trembly lips that said:

"Oh, I don't deserve it, but I 'm so happy!"
Hillsdale Hall marched home to the class of 1906 song—

"Martens, Martens, Martens wins, She's our favorite; Nineteen-six is proud to say, Now and then and every day, Martens—she's all right!"

THE WATERFALL.

By M. M.

A MOUNTAIN brook, one sunny day, Ran off from home and lost its way; In places never seen before It wandered for a mile or more. And then it found a rocky stair, All slippery, and tumbled there;— Went down with such a mighty fall It never could climb back at all.



IF

By Ellis O. Jones.

If c-a-t spelt dog and cow
And horse and mouse and heaven,
If two plus two made six and nine
And twelve and eighty-seven,
If "see the man" was all there was
To learn inside my reader,
No boy would be as bright as I,
In school I'd be the leader.

If school took up at nine and then
Let out in an hour or less,
If half of this was singing songs
And the other half recess,
If all the days were holidays
'Cept Christmas and Thanksgiving,
I'd know what people mean who talk
About the joy of living.





CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

By CHARLES KEELER.

In the many records that have been printed and pictured of the terrible disaster by earthquake and fire at San Francisco on April 18th last, very little has been told of the share the children of the city had in the dangers and makeshifts of that awful time.

The following account was written for St. NICHOLAS, and the photographs were made especially to illustrate it. EDITOR.

once as everybody awoke with a start just before sunrise on the eighteenth of April. Houses were creaking and furniture was banging. Bricks came clattering down and walls waved to and fro as if some old giant had caught hold of them and was shaking them back and forth. Dogs ran howling up the street, looking back to see what was chasing them; horses trembled in their stalls, scrambling to keep their feet, and chickens made strange sounds like terrified screams. Thousands of children bolted from their rooms and ran with mothers and fathers to the sidewalk, while others, too frightened to move, held fast to their beds and waited in silence until the commotion was over.

One little girl cried out to her mother: "I don't know what 's the matter with me, Mamma, I can't stop shaking." A boy of four who had been told when naughty that Santa Claus would come and take him if he did n't behave, cried out while the house was rocking like a ship in a storm: "Oh, Mamma, Santa Claus has come for me!"

Another mother hurried to her child's room where she found the empty bed covered with plaster from the ceiling. She called frantically, "Margery! Margery!" when a little head was poked from under the bed-rail and a little voice piped up reassuringly: "Here I am, Mother dear; when the plaster began to drop I thought I 'd be safer under the bed."

"WHAT's the matter?" cried a whole city at to her father as the most wonderful person in all the world. The furniture had been strewn about in confusion when he reached her bedside and picked her up. "You won't do it again, will you, Papa dear!" she said, looking at him with eyes of wonder. But another child seemed to enjoy the experience, for, when her mother leaned over her while the walls were shaking, the little girl said: "You know, Mamma, you can feel it lots better if you cuddle down in the middle of the bed."

> My own boy of two years was sleeping on an open porch just under a chimney, his tenyear-old sister beside him. At the first jolt I sprang to his side, freed him from the big pins that held him under the covers, and threw him in bed with his mother. Next his sister followed and then the whole little family was safe under blankets and pillows. By this time bricks were tumbling and crashing on the children's beds and the house was rocking and groaning so that I expected it to fall. When, in a minute, all was quiet again, I pulled off the covers. The boy sat bolt upright, threw back his head and laughed as if it were the best kind of a joke to be showered with bricks and have the house nearly tumbled about his ears. His big sister had heard the roar and said: "What's the matter, is the house on fire?" This was in the town of Berkeley on the hills just opposite the Golden Gate.

Over in the big city of San Francisco across the Then there was the little girl who looked up bay, children were seeing many strange sights.

In Chinatown the almond-eyed, sallow-skinned folk with black queues dangling on their blouses, and flapping pantaloons, came tumbling out of their crowded quarters into the narrow streets and alleys. Many of the women have crippled feet from tight bandages in babyhood, and these poor little ladies can hardly walk. It is a wonder how all the people scrambled out before the brick walls fell, but mothers caught up their babies, strong men carried the women with bound feet, and out of doors they ran. One little Chinese girl told me she thought the sky was tumbling down, and a bright boy of five said he was so frightened by the noise that he just stood still and stopped up his ears with his fingers.

In a Chinese mission orphanage were some thirty children. They all scurried out of the brick building into the street and stood in their night-clothes amid the crowd, wondering what was coming next. Presently the teachers got the children's clothes and all dressed in the entry-way, the big ones helping the little tots.

In the poorly built homes of the laboring



CHILDREN IN FRONT OF THEIR "EARTHQUAKED" HOMES.

people south of Market Street much damage was done by the earthquake and many were killed. A little girl whose home was in this district, told me her experience as follows: "I have two brothers and three sisters, and when the earthquake came we jumped up and tried to run out into the street. First we went to the front door, but that was stuck



RETURNING WITH FOOD FROM A RELIEF STATION.

tight, and then we tried the back door and found we could n't open that either. You see the earthquake shook the house so that the doors would n't work, and the windows had iron slats over them so we could n't get out that way. We saw the people in the street, and the fire-engines came along because the house next door was on fire. Then we knocked at the windows and after a while a fireman noticed us and came and chopped the door open. When we ran out in the street the firemen brought us our clothes and we had to dress right there in the crowd because there was no place else to go."

Another house not far away caught fire from an exploding lamp. When the father had carried the mother and child safely out, the little girl thought of her pets—a parrot and two canaries. Into the burning house she ran and rescued all three.

A man and his wife who lived alone in a house that caught fire right after the earth-quake, had a famous talking parrot. The man was busy carrying off a trunk when his wife heard the parrot calling, and forgetting the danger to herself, rushed back and saved her bird.

Lauretta Gage, a girl of twelve, who had

mother, father and sister in a house on Minna Street. At Christmas time the doctor had brought her a big, beautiful doll, the first one she ever had. Her little sister, with sparkling eyes, told me it had cost six dollars. The family had a mother and father terrier, and a week before the fire four cunning puppies were added to the household. When the time came to leave their home that morning, they gathered up a few blankets and some food. Lauretta carried her doll in her arms until she found that each one of the family was loaded down, and the puppies had been forgotten. Then she laid the doll on her bed, smoothed its dress, kissed it good-bye and ran for the puppies. She placed these snugly in a market basket. She was sure the little mother would keep close to the puppies, and so they started off.

1906.]

While many animals were so well cared for by people driven from their homes before the sweeping fire, it is not strange that some were overlooked. A black mother cat came bounding up Russian Hill with a kitten in her mouth. Dropping her baby under a sidewalk she ran back toward the fire and presently returned with a second kitten. A third and fourth were carried

been sick for many months, lived with her on Russian Hill, teaching her frisky kittens to become well-behaved mousers.

973

Those four days following the earthquake were a test of childhood such as the world has seldom known. Thousands of children saw their homes burning, their school-houses burning, the whole great city burning, and heard night and day the boom of dynamite blowing up houses and stores and churches in the desperate effort to stop the fire. Many had little or nothing to eat, and even drinking water was hard to find, but as they walked along with their parents, going they knew not where, they did not complain or cry. Little hands held tightly to those they loved and little heads were held erect as they walked for countless blocks to some park or open ground beyond the fire's path.

Up on a bold rocky height known as Telegraph Hill live many Italians and Greek fishermen, a few Mexicans and some Irish laborers. It was not until the third day of the great fire that their homes were in danger, but meanwhile they were left there with little to eat, not knowing how soon they would have to flee. When at last the fire came upon them they had no water with which to put it out, so they used up in succession, and the happy mother is still casks of wine. With blankets soaked in claret



THE NEW HOME AFTER THE FIRE.

they beat out the sparks that fell on their roofs, and thus saved their homes. But while a few men stayed to fight the fire, thousands were in danger of being burned and fled from the hill to the edge of the bay, where tugs and steamers took them off.

One little girl carried her doll - a very large one, which she had carefully wrapped in a shawl. She and her mother found themselves alone in the crowd on the water front, where everybody was hurrying and struggling to get aboard the boats and out of the fire's reach.

close of the third day after the earthquake they were all running from the hill to escape the fire, and Carolina led her little black-horned, brown-haired kid "Billy." The next day they were camped in an open field near the water's edge, and had nothing to eat but a few crackers. Carolina was very hungry and wished that old Nanny, the kid's mother, were there to give her a cup of milk. Then her father said: "We must kill the kid and eat it or we shall all starve." Carolina burst into tears, threw her arms about the playful little pet and said: "No,



CHILDREN PLAYING SCHOOL ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

The mother and child stood helpless upon the dock while one boat after another loaded with people and left. The last one was nearly full and the guards were passing aboard only mothers with babies in arms. The little girl held her doll tenderly, and as the boatmen were about to cast off the lines, leaving them behind, she whispered: "Never mind, dollie, we can go on the next one." A soldier saw her and in his haste thought she was carrying a baby. "Let those people get aboard with their baby!" he The crowd parted, they jumped aboard, and the boat steamed out into the bay.

Little Carolina, a bright-eyed Italian girl on

no, let us go hungry," and so they did. On the following morning they went back to their home, and soldiers were giving people bread and other food in Washington Square. So little Billy is still frisking with the children on Telegraph Hill.

In going about the different camps I was interested in what the children had thought of saving when driven before the fire, and was surprised to find how many had taken their school books, leaving everything else behind. Very few dolls were saved, and indeed most of the children were glad to have escaped with the clothes on their backs. During the fire a little Telegraph Hill, had a young goat. Before the tot of five was seen marching all alone in the crowd of fleeing people, carrying a stuffed bird in a glass bell and a woolly toy dog in her arms. Catching the eye of a strange lady in the crowd, she looked up proudly and said: "I saved'em!" But for the most part the helpless pets seemed to have the first place in the hearts of both young and old.

Many kind people are thinking of the children of San Francisco to-day and doing what they can to help them. Out beyond the gas works on North Beach, where hundreds of homeless families are living in tents, some good women have started a sewing-school for girls. Little girls of six and seven years go daily to the school tent and sew upon clothes for themselves or on baby dresses for little brothers and sisters. When their clothes need washing they have to go to bed while their mothers wash and dry their one little suit. But they are as happy and bright as if they lived in palaces with all sorts of fine things to wear. Indeed, I think they are happier, for they are learning to be of some use in the world and to feel that they can do something to help their mothers.

Out in the great beautiful Golden Gate Park teachers have volunteers with its miles of driveways, its groves of trees gathered from all the world, its beds of flowers, lakes and lawns, thousands of people are living other interesting things.



DOG AND PUPPIES SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

in tent-cities in charge of soldiers of the United States Army. In some of the tents there are desks and blackboards, and the public school teachers have volunteered their services to give lessons in drawing, teaching the children about the flowers and birds in the Park and many other interesting things.



MAKING THEIR OWN DRESSES-A SEWING SCHOOL IN A TENT.

was playing fireman and soldier. One party had a little ladder and was carrying a baby on this, pretending she had been hurt and was



THE DOLL THAT THE SOLDIER MISTOOK FOR A BABY.

being taken to the hospital. It was great sport, and they laughed merrily as they bore her along. One little boy had a toy pistol, another a wooden sword, and with these weapons they marched about playing soldier. They had plenty of models, for real soldiers on foot and horseback were everywhere around them. There were bugle calls for meals, and everything in camp was carried on in true soldier fashion.

Six little boys were seen skipping about on the grass, singing:

> "Red Cross buns! Red Cross buns! One-a-penny, two-a-penny, Red Cross buns!'

The Red Cross Society was doing so much good in distributing food and clothes, that the children thus showed their gratitude by changing the words of the old song from "hot cross" to "red cross."

were burned in the fire, and one of the early

I found the favorite game of the children school in Indian Territory. One of the girls wrote that the money was to be used for buying brick and stone for the new school buildings. The closing exercises of the schools were held all together in Golden Gate Park, thousands of children uniting in singing patriotic songs and listening to words of cheer from eloquent speakers. The bright smiling faces of the boys and girls of San Francisco, meeting in the open air amid the trees less than six weeks after their city had been destroyed and the homes of thousands had been burned, was a sight to stir the hearts of all assembled. Seldom in the world has there been such a notable gathering of children.

> But while crowds of young people have thus been kept busy with school and play, there is much work for these homeless children by the sea. Mothers find it hard to keep their families clean, and to care for babies in camp, so big sisters must help tend the little ones, and boys must find wood and keep the camp-fires burning. Indeed there are many children of tender years who are earning their own living in San Francisco. Down amid the ruins where heaps of bricks and rubbish are strewn about in confusion, and everybody must walk in the middle of the street, dodging the honking automobiles and the teams hauling brick and scrap-iron, newsboys are selling papers as busily as ever. On the water front, hard by a camp of soldiers,



CAROLINE'S LITTLE SISTER WITH THE PRISKY KID.

A large number of the city school-houses I found one youngster making a good living peddling packages of chocolate. Two urchins contributions for relief came in the form of were busy tying up little rolls of copper wire thirteen dollars from the Indian children of a which they were selling, and they proudly informed me that they had already made thirty covered in California. With their cheer and cents. Another boy had a stand on the street courage they are helping fathers and mothers curb amid the ruins, where he was selling to commence life anew. While the rain beats relics of the fire. Down at the Ferry Building upon the tents of the homeless, there is the two boys had started a flower stand and had prattle of child voices and the laughter of thus brought a touch of brightness and cheer merry rompers within. In a lull between into the midst of the scene of desolation. Out showers I saw two little girls dressed in "lady amid the ruined houses on the slope of Russian clothes," tattered old skirts of older sisters, and Hill I found a party of children working away rags of veils, going from tent to tent on a

at digging up a brick pavement. I asked them round of calls. Even in that bitter cold rain



PLAYING HOSPITAL CORPS AT GOLDEN GATE PARK.

water up to camp." All their water had to be girls did their share of this work.

plains in the days of '49 after gold was dis- and the spirit to meet the crisis and to win.

what they were doing it for and they told me of the first Sunday after the fire, when tents were they meant to have a vegetable garden there, few and frail and fathers stood all night in the A little girl carrying a demijohn stood in the storm holding a flimsy shelter over their dear ruins of her former home. When I asked her ones, the children did not complain. In days what she was about she replied: "Packing to come, when the new city rises strong and beautiful out of the ruins of the old, when men carried four blocks up hill, and the boys and point with pride to this broad avenue and that fine building, they will not forget that in those Yes, the children of San Francisco have been days of trial it was the mothers and children tried and have proved themselves worthy of who, looking up to the husbands and fathers and their descent from the men who crossed the brothers in loving trust, gave them the strength

THE SANDMAN.

By MAY MORGAN.

SANDMAN, sandman, Round the world you go, Sandman, sandman, Every child you know.

When with us you have to be You 're not needed o'er the sea; For with children there 'tis day. And they 're all at play. When with us your work is done
Off to other lands you run;
For 'tis always night somewhere,
And you must be there.

Sandman, sandman, Round the world you go, Sandman, sandman, Every child you know.



From the oil-painting by Maxfield Parrish, owned by Michael M. Van Beuren.

THE SANDMAN.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE POACHING.

WHEN Otto Ferris had happened into the Senior Dormitory in time to see Tom Forrest hand his fishing rod to Chub, he had thought nothing of it. And when, having found the book he was after, he returned to the Campus and ran into Horace, he mentioned the incident as a mere bit of unimportant news; on a drowsy Sunday afternoon nothing is too slight to serve as conversation. Horace settled himself with his back to a big elm tree and thought it over.

If Doctor Emery should learn of the fact that Chub and Roy had gone fishing he would promptly punish them. But the punishment would be something not worth considering. But if, by chance, the two boys were detected fishing on private property, say on old Farmer Mercer's territory, they would suffer badly; they might even be expelled. Horace did n't want anything as bad as that to happen to Chub for he only half disliked that youth, but he could n't think of anything that would please him more than to see Roy Porter leave school in disgrace. In that case he could, he believed, very quickly regain his former leadership.

scheme which might work, and which, if it did work, would probably bring about the results looked about. Otto was deep in his book under the next tree. Horace smiled to himself and called across to him. Otto listened to the scheme with avidity and promptly pledged assistance.

his trunk; I saw it there a couple of days ago when he opened it."

"But supposing it's locked?"

"I don't believe it's locked," answered Horace. "Anyhow, you go up and see. I'll wait here."

"Well, but-but why don't you do it?" blurted Otto.

"Now don't you begin to ask questions," replied Horace severely. "You do as you're told. If you don't you may have trouble keeping your place in the second boat."

"That's all right," whined Otto, "but you more than half promised to get me into the first, and you have n't done it."

"I said I would if I could," answered the other coolly. "If you could row as well as Whitcomb I'd give you his place, but I'm not going to risk losing the race just to please you. Run along now."

Otto went, but was soon back again.

"I can't do it," he said. "Tom Forrest's up there asleep on his bed."

"Lazy chump," muttered Horace, crossly. "Wait; I'll go along."

There was no doubt of the fact that Tom was sleeping. His snoring reached them outside the door. Horace and Otto tiptoed in and the former considered the situation. Then, In a few minutes he had thought out a motioning Otto toward Roy's trunk which stood beside the head of his cot, he placed himself so as to watch Forrest and cut off that desired. It was risky, but Horace was n't a youth's view of the trunk. Otto crept to the coward, whatever his other faults were. He trunk. It was unlocked and the crimson sweater lay in the top of the till. Down came the lid again noiselessly and Otto retreated to the door, the sweater stuffed under his coat. Horace crept after him.

"All right so far," murmured Horace as "What you've got to do," directed Horace, they went softly downstairs. "Now we'll take "is to get the sweater. He keeps it on top of a walk. Can't you stuff that thing away better I 'll show you."

He folded it flatly and laid it against Otto's chest, buttoning his coat over it.

But once on the road, instead of following it toward the village they crossed it and made up through the woods. When they reached the creek they turned up it and went stealthily, keeping a sharp lookout for Chub and Roy. As it was, in spite of their caution, they very nearly walked on to them at the deep pool, and had they not fallen instantly to the ground would have been detected. Afraid to move away lest the rustling of the branches prompt the others to investigate, they had to lie there for fully a quarter of an hour while Chub whipped the pool and Roy went off to sleep. Then they saw Chub wind in his line, glance at Roy and move toward them. Luckily for them, however, Chub took it into his head to try the opposite side and so crossed over on the stones and passed them by. They waited until he had slowly taken himself down-stream. Then Horace sat up and saw the idle pole lying on the ground almost at Roy's feet. It was Otto who finally, after much persuasion and threatening, crept over and secured it without arousing the sleeper. Then, making a little detour, they went on up the creek.

Five minutes brought them to the edge of Farmer Mercer's property and in view of a placard threatening dire punishment to trespassers. Horace now donned the crimson sweater, threw his coat to Otto and jointed up the pole.

"Wish I had a line and fly," he muttered. "They 'll think he was a crazy sort of fisherman, I guess."

Leaving Otto at the wall, he clambered over. A couple of hundred yards further on there was a place where the meadow came down to the stream and where there were neither bushes nor trees to screen it. It was in full view of Farmer Mercer's big white house which lay perhaps an eighth of a mile away across the meadow. Here Horace, a readily-distinguished crimson spot against the green of the farther trees, halted and went through the motions of casting his line. But all the time, you may be sure, he kept one eye on the white house. He

than that? You look like an alderman. Here, had landed just one mythical trout and was preparing to cast again when his eye caught a dark figure stealing along the porch toward the meadow gate. Out flew the non-existent line. Through the gate hurried Farmer Mercer. Then, as though catching sight of the latter for the first time, Horace became apparently panic-stricken. He dropped his pole, picked it up again, looked this way and that for escape, and finally, when the farmer was less than two hundred yards away, dropped his pole again and plunged into the bushes.

> "Hi!" shouted the pursuer. "Hi! Come back, you rascal!"

> But Horace refused the invitation. Instead he made for the spot where Otto was awaiting him, threading his way through the trees along the creek. The farmer's cries continued and the farmer still pursued, trying his best to head off the fugitive. But he was running a losing race, for when Horace picked up Otto they ran in earnest and all the farmer had for his trouble was a discarded fishing pole minus line or hook and a vivid memory of a crimson sweater.

The two boys made a short cut for the school, but, as luck would have it, when they reached the dormitory the troublesome Tom Forrest was wide awake. So Horace, who had stowed the sweater under his own coat this time, had to smuggle it under his pillow and await Tom's departure. But Tom apparently had no present intention of leaving. And a few minutes later Chub and Roy clattered in. When they saw Horace and Otto they deferred telling Tom about his pole, and Chub laid himself down, very stiffly because of his own pole, on Roy's bed. Conversation languished. Horace mentioned the fact that he and Otto had been for a walk and Chub replied that they too had taken a stroll. Both sides waited for the others to leave. Suddenly the supper bell rang. Horace went to the wash-room and Otto followed. Chub slipped off down-stairs and Roy told Tom about the pole. Tom good-naturedly told him to let the old thing Then Roy, by the merest chance, noticed that his trunk was unlocked, turned the key, slipped it into his pocket and followed Tom down to supper. A moment after when Horace went to return the sweater to its place he found

he was too late. After a second of indecision he opened his own trunk and hid the garment down at the bottom of it. Then he locked the trunk securely and, with Otto at his heels, followed the others.

It was at half-past nine the next morning that Roy was summoned to the Principal's office. A rather stout, hard-featured man of middle-age whom Roy had never seen before to his knowledge, sat beside the Doctor's desk.

"I was asleep, sir," he answered.

"Ah!" The Principal paused and tapped softly on the polished surface of the desk. Then, "In the dormitory, you mean?" he asked.

"No, sir, I was n't in the dormitory."

"Not in the dormitory? But you just said you were asleep?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"Where, then?"



"OTTO CREPT TO THE TRUNK. IT WAS UNLOCKED AND THE CRIMSON SWEATER LAY IN THE TOP OF THE TILL." (SEE PAGE 979.)

"Porter," said the Doctor, "does this belong to you?"

He took a fishing-rod from the desk and held it out. Roy looked at it and shook his head.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Do you own a fishing-rod?"

"No, sir."

"Where were you yesterday afternoon at—" The Doctor looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"Four o'clock," prompted the latter gruffly, viewing Roy with unfriendly gaze. Roy hesitated and his heart sank. Then,

"By Wissick Creek, at what the fellows call the Deep Hole."

The stranger snorted triumphantly.

"Why did you go there to sleep?" asked Doctor Emery.

"Why, sir, I—I was out walking and—and I lay down and got sleepy. So I just went to sleep."

He knew that it sounded silly and unconvincing. Evidently the Doctor thought so too, for he smiled gently and regretfully.

"Don't you think that's rather a strange tale to tell, Porter?"

"It's the truth, sir."

"It's a tarnation lie, that's what it is," said the stranger, vindictively. Roy turned hotly.

"It is n't a lie," he cried. "And I don't know what business it is of yours, anyhow!"

"Well, I rather guess it's my business-" began the other. But Doctor Emery held up a hand.

"Leave him to me, if you please, Mr. Mercer," he said, quietly. "Porter, this gentleman tells me that he discovered a boy, presumably one of my boys, fishing at the bottom of his meadow at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The boy saw him coming and ran away, leaving this pole behind him. The boy wore—"

"Ask him what he wore," interrupted Farmer Mercer.

"Just what I have on now," answered Roy.
"And this cap," he added, holding it forth.

"Yes, you had a cap all right," said the farmer. "But I don't suppose you happened to have on a red sweater, eh? A dark red one?"

"No, I did n't," replied Roy.

"You have such a sweater, I understand, however," said the Doctor.

"Yes, sir, I have a crimson sweater."

"That's what it was, crimson," said the far-

"But I did n't wear it yesterday. I have n't had it on since camp."

"Have you loaned it to anyone recently?" asked the Doctor.

"No, sir."

"Where is it kept?"

"In my trunk."

"Could anyone borrow it without your knowing of it?"

"Why, I suppose so, sir; that is, if my trunk look at Roy. was unlocked."

"Do you keep it unlocked?"

"No, sir, not very often."

"Then you think it would have been impossible for anyone to have taken it without your knowledge?"

"I think it would, sir."

"Do you know of anyone else in school who has a red sweater?"

"No, sir. Gallup has a red and white striped one," but nobody else has a solid red one.

"There wa'n't any stripes on the one I saw," said Farmer Mercer, decidedly.

"Porter," said the Doctor after a moment's silence, "I'm sorry that I can't bring myself to believe your story. Is there anyone who can substantiate it? Were you alone yesterday afternoon?"

"I am sorry, sir, that you won't believe me. I was n't on this man's land yesterday, and I don't think I ever was. Anyhow, I never fished on it. I've never fished since I came here."

"I hope you are telling the truth," answered the Doctor, gently. "But circumstantial evidence is sadly against you. There is no one who can prove that you were at the Deep Hole at four o'clock?"

"No, sir, no one knows that I was there at that time."

Chub, he reflected, had left him at least a quarter of an hour before and so could n't have been sure of his whereabouts at four o'clock.

"Hm! That's unfortunate," said the Doctor. He turned to Farmer Mercer. "I don't think I need trouble you to remain, sir. I regret deeply that this has occurred and assure you that punishment will be justly meted out to the culprit."

The farmer arose.

"It's got to be stopped, Doctor," he said.
"As for the culprit you've got him right here.
That's the boy without a doubt. Put him in his red sweater and I'll tell you mighty quick. Just about his height he was, and kinder slimmish like. Well, you know your own business best. Good morning, Doctor."

And the farmer passed out with a final ugly look at Rov.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON INNER BOUNDS.

By noon the news was all over school; Roy! Porter was on inner bounds for the rest of the

"Well, Sid, who'll play first?" asked one of the audience. Sid shook his head dispiritedly.

"Patten, I s'pose. I think it 's a beast of a shame, that 's what I think, to take a fellow

off the nine just five days before the big game! Of course Hammond 'll lick us."

"I'll wager if we wanted to we could get him back on the nine," said Sid presently.

"How?" asked half a dozen voices eagerly. "Oh, I know a way," was the unsatisfying

"Go on and tell us, Sid!"

"I would if you'd promise never to tell anyone, cross your heart and hope to die."

Everyone promised instantly and fervidly.

"Supposing, then," resumed Sid, "that a whole raft of us were caught fishing on old Mercer's place. What would happen?"

"We'd all get suspended," piped up the youngest boy promptly.

"Inner bounds," suggested some one else.

"Huh! I guess not! It isn't likely Prexy would suspend half the school," replied Sid, scornfully. "He'd see the injustice of it, of course, and give us all a good blowing up and let us go. And if he let us go he'd have to let Roy off too. It would be a-a-"-Sid paused for a word-"it would be in the nature of a popular protest!"

could n't punish all of us very wetl."

"We ought to get a whole lot of fellows, though," one of the Middlers said.

"Yes, about twenty," answered Sid. "We can do it, too, you bet! Supposing we call a meeting of the Middlers and Juniors for this afternoon after supper?"

"Good scheme! Where?"

"At the boat-house. You fellows tell it around, but don't say what the meeting 's about."

Then the dinner-bell rang and the informal conclave broke up.

"Wait for me after dinner," whispered Chub to Roy at the table. "I want to see you."

"All right," answered Roy cheerfully.

He was trying very hard to hide the fact that he was terribly down in the mouth. The half-curious, wholly sympathetic looks of his companions followed him all through the meal and he was glad when it was over. Chub caught up with him on the steps and together they crossed the walk and found seats under

one of the elms well away from possible eavesdroppers.

"Tell me all about it," demanded Chub, scowling fiercely.

So Roy told him.

"You don't think he will let you off in time for the game Saturday?" asked Chub.

"No, I'm pretty sure he won't. He 's dead certain I was the chap that Mercer saw." Chub jumped to his feet.

"Where are you going?" asked Roy suspiciously.

"To see Prexy," was the answer. "I'll tell him that you did n't wear your red sweater and that you could n't have been on old Mercer's place because you were with me."

"Don't be a fool!" said Roy. "What 's the good of getting into trouble yourself? He'll ask what you were doing and you'll have to 'fess up; and then the nine won't have any captain on Saturday."

"I don't care," answered Chub stubbornly. "I got you into the hole and the least I can do is to get you out."

"But you would n't get me out! You 'd "That 's so," said one of the number. "He just throw yourself in with me. Look here now, Chub; Prexy is n't going to take any stock in your story. He'll just think that we concocted it between us this morning. Besides, you left me for almost an hour and you can't swear that I did n't go over to Mercer's while you were gone. It 's only a quarter of a mile from where you left me."

"But you were asleep!"

"So you say."

"Well, were n't you?"

"Yes, but Prexy won't believe it. He'll think we were both out fishing and that I went to Mercer's; and instead of being minus a first baseman on Saturday the team will be short a first baseman and a second baseman too; also a captain."

"But it is n't fair," cried Chub. "I was the only one that fished, and now you 're geting the blame for it. It was all my fault, anyhow; I made you go along when you did n't want to."

"Nonsense; I did n't have to go."

"But you went to please me."

"Oh, well, what if I did?"

in that game and you don't I'll feel like a we got back." brute."

"You don't need to, Chub. Besides, there's the school to think of. You know plaguey well we'll get done up brown if you don't play-"

"We will, anyway, I guess," interpolated

Chub, sadly.

"-And that is n't fair to the nine and the school. You've got to do everything you can to win that game, Chub. You don't suppose that I mind being out of it if we're going to win, do you?"

"But we need you, Roy! Who's going to play first?"

"Patten, of course; he can do it."

"He can't bat as you can."

"He'll do all right," answered Roy, cheerfully. "Now you keep mum, old man, will you?"

"I suppose so," Chub muttered. "But I

ought n't to."

"Yes, you ought. I'm not the main thing, Chub; there's the school."

"You're a brick," said Chub. "All right; I 'll keep mum as long as you want me to. But if you change your mind all you've got to do is to say so and I'll do all I can. Promise to tell me if you change your mind?"

"Honor bright; but I shan't change it: I don't mind, Chub, as long as we win."

"Look here," said Chub after a moment's silence, "You did n't poach on Mercer, and I did n't. Who the dickens did?"

"I can't imagine. I dare say it was some fellow from the village."

"With a crimson sweater on? Not likely. I suppose it could n't have been your sweater, eh?"

Roy shook his head.

"How do you know?" pursued Chub.

"'Cause mine was locked in my trunk."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"Some one might have had a key that fitted the lock, though."

"They might have, but—" Roy paused and scowled thoughtfully. "Come to think of it, son sweater. Roy turned to Chub in distress. Chub, my trunk was n't locked yesterday af-

"It is n't fair," muttered Chub. "If I play ternoon. I remember now. I locked it after

"Was the sweater there?"

"I did n't look."

Chub whistled softly.

"Bet you anything some fellow swiped it and wore it," he declared. "Let's go see if he put it back."

They hurried up to the dormitory and Roy



"HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE WAS: "WHEN YOU 'RE DOWN ON YOUR LUCK GRIN AS HARD AS YOU CAN GRIN."

unlocked his trunk, threw back the lid and opened the till.

"I thought I left it here on top," he muttered, diving through the contents of the till. " Maybe I put it underneath, though."

Out came the till and out came most of the contents of the trunk. But there was no crim-

"I don't care if they took it," he said, "but

I hope they'll bring it back! I wouldn't lose that sweater for anything!"

"Lock your trunk again," said Chub, "and room and examined Horace's trunk. let's get out of here. Some one's coming. Let's go somewhere and think it over."

"If we only knew who was away from school vesterday afternoon," said Roy, when they were once more under the trees.

"We knew that Ferris and Burlen were," answered Chub suggestively. "They said so."

"And Ferris saw you borrow that pole from Tom !" said Roy. Chub sat up suddenly.

"I'll bet that was Tom's pole that old Mercer brought with him ! " he cried.

"But you left it at Deep Hole, and I did n't leave there until long after four, I guess."

"But you said you did n't see it when you hurried downstairs. left!"

"That's so; I'm pretty sure it was n't there," answered Roy, thinking hard. "But how could anyone have got it?"

"Don't know, but some one did. They might have sneaked up while you were asleep. Horace Burlen could do it."

They looked at each other a moment in silence. Then,

"If he took the sweater he's thrown it away," said Roy sorrowfully. "He would n't be likely to bring it back again."

"Why not? He found the trunk unlocked and maybe thought he could put it back again without anyone knowing anything about it. See? That's just about what happened, Roy. I'll wager he did the whole thing to get you in trouble."

"Was n't Tom in the dormitory when we got there?"

" Yes."

"Then maybe he was there when Horace got back; and Horace could n't get at my trunk without being seen."

"What do you suppose he'd do with it?" asked Chub.

Roy shook his head.

"Put it in his own trunk maybe," he

"Come on," said Chub.

Back to the Senior Dormitory they hurried, for each of them had an examination at two and it was almost that hour now. The dormitory was empty and Chub stood guard at the head of the stairs while Roy crossed the

"Locked," he announced softly.

Chub joined him and they stood for a moment looking at the trunk as though striving to get an X-ray view of its contents.

" Maybe we could find a key to fit it," whispered Chub.

"I would n't like to do that," answered Roy, shaking his head.

"No more would I," answered Chub, "but I'd do it if I was just a little more certain that the thing was in there. I'd like to bust it open with an ax," he added savagely.

Then the two o'clock bell rang and they

"Keep mum about it," said Chub, "and we'll get to the bottom of it yet."

"The trunk?" asked Roy with a weak effort at humor.

"Yes, by jove!" was the answer.

Roy watched practice that afternoon. He stood on the school side of the hedge which marked inner bounds and, out of sight himself, saw Patten playing on first. It was lonely work and after a while the figures on the green diamond grew blurred and misty. Then, suddenly, Brother Laurence's advice came back to him and Roy brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and turned away.

"'When you're down on your luck,'" he murmured, "'grin as hard as you can grin.'"

So he tried his best to grin, and made rather a sorry affair of it until he spied Harry walking toward the tennis courts with her racket in hand. He hailed her and she waited for him to come up.

"I'm awfully sorry, Roy," she greeted him. "I told dad you did n't do it."

"And he believed you at once," said Roy despondently.

"N-no, he did n't," answered Harry. "He -he 's a little bit stupid sometimes; I often tell him so."

Roy laughed in spite of his doleful feeling. "What does he say then?" he asked.

"Oh, he just smiles," answered Harry resentfully.

Roy supposed he did. And then, in another

minute, they were side by side on the stone sweater; not without more proof than I've coping about the stable yard and Roy was got now." telling Harry everything, even to the examining of Horace's trunk and the reason for it.

"That 's it!" cried Harry with the utmost conviction. "He did it! I know he did!"

"How do you know it?" asked Roy. "Oh, I just do! I don't care if he is my cousin; he 's as mean-!"

"Well, suspecting him won't do any good," said Roy. "We can't see into the trunk. And, anyhow, maybe he did n't bring the sweater back at all."

had taken it and worn it? It's there, in his I'm sorry." trunk."

"And I guess it 'll stay there," said Roy I 've got some studying to do, anyhow." hopelessly. "He won't be fool enough to take it out now."

"I suppose not," answered Harry thoughtfully, her chin in her hand and the heel of one small shoe beating a restless tattoo on the wall. "You might-" she lowered her voice and looked about guiltily-" you might break it open!"

"And supposing it was n't there?"

"But it is there!" cried Harry. "I know

"I wish I did!" grunted Roy.

"Well, we 'll just have to think of a way," "Oh yes he did, too," answered Harry. said Harry presently, arousing herself from her "Don't you see he 'd want to put it back reverie. "And now I must go on, because I again so that you could n't say that some one promised to play tennis with Jack Rogers.

"That 's all right," answered Roy. "I-

Harry turned upon him with alarm in her face. "Now don't you go doing anything desper-"Could n't you make him open his trunk?" ate, Roy Porter!" she commanded. "You "I don't see how. I could n't go and tell just sit still and hold tight and -and it 'll come him I suspected him of having stolen my out all right. You leave it to me!"

(To be continued.)

A SPOILED STORY.

(NONSENSE VERSE.)

By J. D. BENEDICT.

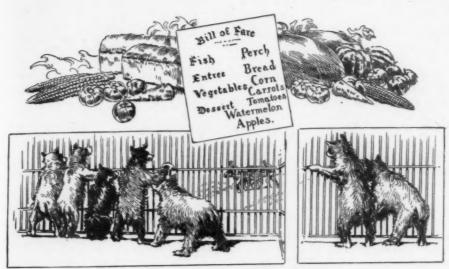
Young Tommy was a reckless chap As ever you did spy; He crept into the pantry once And ate a pot of lye-No, no! I mean a lot of pie.

The pie did not agree with Tom, So very large a piece, He felt so ill he hastened off To find a pot of grease-Dear me! I mean a grot of peace. He wept with pain and doubled up As tight as any clam. "OH dear! I feel as bad as when

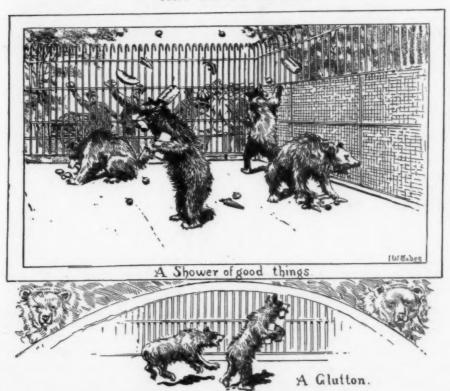
I ate that jot of lamb-No, no! I mean that lot of jam."

This story gets so mixed at times Under my very eyes,

I'll stop. So far what I have said Seems like a lack of pies-Dear me! I mean a pack of lies.



Here comes our dinner!



MEAL-TIME IN THE BEAR-PITS AT THE ZOO.

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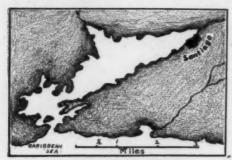
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GEOGRAPHICAL BOTTLES.

By WALTER J. KENYON.

On the 30th of May, 1898, our morning that headline. Nor will he be less likely to track, while within, a boy may safely row his remember how a coaling vessel was by and by boat. The effect of this mountain fence with sunk athwart the narrow entrance to that become matters of history, it will be well



THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO

worth while to revisit this famous "bottle," and some others of its type.

The detail of Santiago harbor is shown on this page. At the first glance we notice how narrow, how very narrow, the entrance is. Indeed we are told that it is only six hundred feet in width, a dimension not exceeding the length of a good-sized Atlantic steamer. And this narrow passage from the sea leads between two rocky hills, almost mountains, into an inland waterway,-the Bay of Santiago de Cuba. Well, within this great salt water bottle lay the seven vessels of the Spanish fleet, so well hidden by the intervening hills that the American vessels, reconnoitering on the outside, at first could spy no trace of them within.

These arms of the mountain, coming so near newspapers announced to the eager public that together, are useful in times of peace, also, Cervera's fleet lay "bottled up" in Santiago to keep out the great storms that now and harbor. No boy of the present generation will again lash the Caribbean Sea. On the outside, forget, as long as he lives, the electric effect of a hurricane may be sinking every vessel in its a gateway through it may be best imagined by harbor, with the idea of "corking up the bot-remembering how some ports, having no such tle." Now that the excitement of those days, protection by nature, have spent millions of together with the events of the war itself, have dollars in building breakwaters of piles and rocks. What things it would mean to Chicago, for instance, or Galveston, could either rub her Aladdin's lamp and find herself lying snugly in a bottle harbor, instead of crouching behind her fence of sticks and stones!

> If we now take a trip around the world, over the maps of a good atlas, we shall find that this geographical bottle is a very common type of harbor, the world over. The coasts of Cuba show a succession of such inclosed bays, Havana harbor being typical. It often happens that nature herself provides the corks, also, in the shape of islands that almost block up the entrance, or at least block the view from the outside. Such a cork is Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay, or the rocky Alcatraz fortress just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco; and Smith Cay occupies a similar position at Santiago.

> The Annapolis Basin, in Nova Scotia, is very typical among these geographical bottles. A fairly good map of that beautiful country will show a narrow gap on the Bay of Fundy side of the peninsula. This gap, known as Digby Strait, breaks through a long ridge that the people call North Mountain. Through this break rush the famous tides of Fundy, and fill up an inland basin of salt water twenty miles long and several in width. The entrance, from the outside, is mysteriously invisible to the landsman's eye. To a passenger crossing the

Bay of Fundy from St. John it seems as if bay, whence the journey is continued to town the break the interior hills of Nova Scotia close



THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

the distance. One can imagine the tremendous tide race through this Digby Strait when we know that the ordinary tidal rise in this region is anywhere from forty to seventy feet. It is so great, in fact, that the wharves at Digby are two-storied affairs; and people go aboard steamers from the upper or lower story, according to the height of the tide.

New York harbor is, in most respects, a geographical bottle-only it has two mouths instead of one. Added to the principal opening, the Narrows, a sort of side entrance is provided by the East "River," leading out into the Sound.

The coast of Australia presents several examples of the geographical bottle, the finest being the harbor of Melbourne. An ordinary map shows this city located apparently upon a first rate harbor of the bottle type we have been examining. As a matter of fact the bottle is really there—a magnificent enclosure of salt water fully thirty-five miles across, in either direction. Into this bay, called Port Phillip, there flows the Yarra River; and oddly enough, Melbourne, with its half million people, hides itself away nine miles up this stream! Below the city the river has two sand-bars which prevent the passage of large vessels. The heavy harbors, are the river-mouths that have become ocean traffic, therefore, has its terminus in the walled in by sand-bars. Sometimes these

the captain were steering his trim side wheeler by rail. The explanation for this awkward situhead on, into a blue mountain wall. But at ation seems to be that, in the early days of last the forested mountain opens, and through Melbourne, the one idea of the settlers was to build as near as might be to the gold diggings. So up the river the miners planted their settlement, never dreaming that one day it would become a great metropolis, imprisoned behind the sands of the useless Yarra.

> Rio Janeiro has a splendid enclosed harbor -the best in all South America; better far than the shallow "Lake" Maracaibo, which looks so ideal upon the map. Here again, at Rio, we have a great salt water inlet, some seventeen miles across, communicating with the ocean by a narrow strait.

> In nearly every case these natural bottles are what the geographer calls "drowned rivers." That is to say, the coastal lands in the vicinity have subsided, allowing the sea to flow in, and convert what was a lowland valley into a partly enclosed marine area. Divers have gone to the bottom of New York Bay and have found there the ancient bed of the Hudson River, as that stream flowed before the mouthward part of its valley subsided into the sea. The old bed reaches through the Narrows and well out into the floor of the Atlantic. Of course, as the sea water entered the sinking valley, any hills rising thereabout would become islands, in the new order of things. And there we find

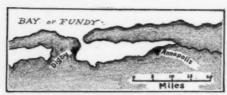


MANILA BAY AND LAGUNA BAY.

them to this day, in almost any of these inclosed inlets.

Next in order of value, after the "bottle"

reaches of water are very spacious, and their protecting islands of sand are many miles in length. Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, in North Carolina, are of this sort. But such a harbor, besides being too shallow for use by large vessels, is liable to all sorts of changes of bottom, as each freshet from the river shifts the



THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

sands about. It is easy to see how much better a harbor, is one of our geographical "bottles," lying behind two stalwart, unchanging mountains that push their noses toward each other just far enough apart to allow a fine deep water strait between them.

The poorest type of natural harbor is just a V-shaped dent in the coast, where, granted good weather, vessels may run in and unload, putting off again before the next heavy storm. Vineyard Haven, in the island of Martha's Vineyard, is one of these. In the terrible storm that swept the Atlantic Coast in November, 1898, a dozen or more sailing craft made for this little dent in the coastline. But they drove before the wind and the wild sea smashed



ENTRANCE TO THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

them all against the shore. It even threw parts of these wrecks across the wagon road that skirts the bay. One heavy schooner was driven entirely through a stout steamer wharf, cutting the latter in two! It takes such happenings as lubber" to the differences in harbors.

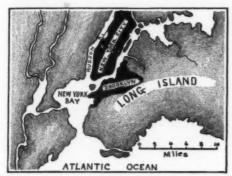
Perhaps the most notable "bottle" harbor in the world is that at San Francisco. Here is a vast reach of water fifty-five miles long and in some parts twelve in width. Into this bay the tides of the Pacific flow, through the famous Golden Gate. This is a strait about a mile in width in its narrowest part, and very deep. The proud Californians look out over this serene expanse and tell you that here is anchorage for the combined navies of the world, which, indeed, seems a very mild statement of the case. Aside from the immensity of this harbor facility it is interesting to notice that California's two big rivers, after traversing the great interior valley, flow into this bay. Thus nature has furnished two serviceable water roads, leading from a most notable natural harbor into the very heart of a rich farming, mining and lumbering region. These rivers, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, are of the same commercial significance to California that the Hudson is to New York.

The harbor at San Francisco is the more noteworthy because it is the only one of first magnitude south of Puget Sound, and it is claimed by some that this is the reason that the city is sure to recover from the recent earthquake and fire. Between these points California presents to the Orient an inhospitable cliff-coast, only occasionally broken by a little beach or minor inlet. Little coasting steamers make landings, it is true, at several points along this grim front; but it is a matter of considerable hazard. In some places along this coast great cranes, fixed upon the cliff, hoist people and freight ashore in baskets. And the daring little skipper must even then keep one eye to windward lest a crashing storm drive in upon him and forever terminate his service on the sea. Thus it is that the two great harbors mentioned must for all time share a monopoly of the Pacific Ocean commerce.* One familiar with the Atlantic seaboard can parallel the situation by blotting out, in his mind's eye, all the ports between Savannah and Portland, save only New York. And between these, in place of this to awake the imagination of the "land- the numerous hospitable inlets, substitute a scarcely broken sea-cliff. He will then have

^{*} San Diego, in the extreme south, is able to entertain heavy-draught vessels, but her harbor is much smaller than the other two mentioned.

the conditions before him which give to San ory of the ancient Vikings haunting their solemn Francisco its preëminence.

But we have side-tracked the discussion by



NEW YORK HARBOR

these speculations. What we really must do now is to cast up, in a general way, the various points that give importance to any harbor.

In the first place it must really be a harbor, -that is, it must be a body of deep water at least partly hidden behind some able-bodied peninsula that will hold at arm's length, so to speak, the fierce ocean storms; and it must have a deep channel, free from rocks, leading out to sea. But now, after we have our harbor, it is not enough. There must be something in the back country worth going after. Either gold, which started Melbourne and San Francisco in business, or hides and wheat, which have made Buenos Ayres, or manufactured goods which have built up Liverpool. In short, the country round about must have something worth exporting before it can attract ships to its harbor and so build up a port. We might easily pick out, upon the map, some very good harbors which have never come into use, in any large way, because the back country has nothing in it that the world wants. The splendid fiords of Norway are examples of this sort.

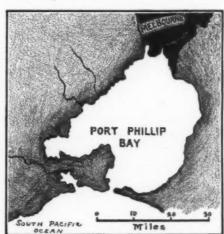
But, after all, Norway, aside from its lumber, which has built up a medium-sized town here and there, has nothing very much to offer the world except some codfish and the stout and honest hearts of its emigrants. And so those river-especially a river that leads from the magnificent fiords, which, by the way, are only a sea, where the ships of all countries are sailing, variation of our geographical "bottle," remain far into a land that is rich in the things those grand and romantic and lonely, with the mem- countries want. If we now look over the

aisles.

On the other hand we have Africa, teeming with stuff that people want-ivory and gold and tropic fruits, but presenting that same forbidding cliff front that most of California does. In the days of exploration Vasco de Gama and the rest of them coasted along for many a weary day in hope deferred of seeing that inhospitable cliff break away and let them into some snug harbor. We have but to recall the late Boer war to see how very important is the port of Lourenço Marquez in those partssimply because it has the only real harbor for hundreds of miles, on either hand.

There is one thing yet to consider. There must not only be a productive country back of the harbor, but there must be a good road, or the possibility of one, leading from the harbor well up into that back country. Alaska, for example, has magnificent harbors all along the "Inside Passage" and also, she has plenty of gold in the back country. Her chief concern, at present, is about routes over the mountains from the mines to the ports.

The very best kind of a road that commerce



THE HARBOR OF MELBOURNE.

has ever found to travel on is a deep and quiet

from

world map we shall see that wherever such a Canal, enabled New York to outrace Philadelup. We have Cairo on the Nile, and New Orleans on the Mississippi, and New York on the Hudson; Buenos Ayres, the metropolis of the southern hemisphere, on the La Plata; Para, young, lusty and hopeful, at the mouth of the Amazon; Hamburg on the Elbe; and so on, in an indefinite list. This matter of a good water road inland is so important that often man has patched up some sort of a harbor where none existed so as to avail himself of one of these great waterways. New Or-

leans, for instance, most points of view, is built in the most lower than the

THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

torians tell us that this new waterway, the ill-fated pleasure place.

river reaches the sea a big seaport has grown phia and become the metropolis. Philadelphia had the Delaware, and all the trade it could give, but it had no waterway through the mountains to the country in the west.

> It is of interest, now, to see how Chicago got her start. Some of the histories make much ado over the "natural harbor" which the explorers found. But every one knows that that natural harbor was the mouth of the merest shred of a little muddy stream, reaching inland to nowhere in particular. It was all very well for a canoe harbor, into which the Red Man might paddle on the way to the portage. But so far as commerce is concerned, in the modern sense, if Chicago had had nothing but her "harbor" to start her in business, she would not be much of a town to-day. Chicago's fortune was based upon several factors, all working together, and the quiet little mud creek she grew up on was perhaps the least of them. So we find that sometimes the harbor makes the town, as in the case of San Francisco, and in other instances the town makes the harbor, as in Chicago.

In September, 1900, the whole world was unlikely place. thrilled with horror over the great disaster at The streets are Galveston. Here was a case in point. A prosperous city had grown up at that place besurface of the cause the rich Texas cotton region absolutely river and only demanded a port out of which its product could a great dyke be cheaply shipped. Galveston Bay was the of earth keeps best site that offered itself as a harbor. But the big stream from sweeping the city off the this "Bay" was merely a portion of the Gulf continent of North America. The city of of Mexico, very insecurely partitioned off by a New Orleans stands like a toll gate, at the be- low sandbar. An unusually heavy storm swept ginning of this long water road up the center westward across the Gulf. The waters piled of our country. And in South America, Buenos up along the Texas coast. They piled up over Ayres has a precisely similar station, as a glance that low bar and drove irresistibly upon the at the map will show. New York got its start doomed city. Similar catastrophes have hapby the same condition. Here was the bay, an pened before, in the Gulf. Off the Louisiana excellent harbor, and there was the Hudson, coast there once thrived a summer resort called reaching back into a rich country; and there Last Island. Although merely a sandbar, a big also was Long Island Sound, just as good, for summer hotel had been built upon it. This trade purposes, as another river. And finally, hotel was thronged with guests at the time of along came De Witt Clinton, and others who the disaster. The implacable waters, driven made the Erie Canal, and so made the Hudson by a big outside storm, piled fearfully and twice as much of a road by opening from it steadily up; and in the morning only a mere their "big ditch" into the Great Lakes. His- vestige of the island itself served to mark the



IN THE FLOWER GARDEN, IN AUGUST.

SISTER DOROTHY: "THERE, TOMMY, THAT'S ALL I'LL ASK YOU TO DO. YOU AND BESSIE START IN AT THE KINDER-GARTEN TO-MORROW, BUT I DID SO WANT MY DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS TREE PLANTED BEFORE SCHOOL BEGAN."



IN THE KINDERGARTEN, IN SEPTEMBER.

BESSIE: "YES, TOMMY, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT-YOU WISH YOU HAD YOUR OVERALLS ON AND WERE WORKING IN THE GARDEN WITH DOROTHY. I DON'T SEE WHY THEY PUT US IN THIS BABY CLASS!"

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SERIOUS TRIFLE.

Sue's trouble at Hope Hall had come too near the Christmas Holidays to attract much Even if she was attention from the girls. more meek-they had no time to exclaim over it as their poor little brains were in a turmoil, divided between the agony of examination and the rapture of going home.

The report card Sue carried to Cherryfair showed excellent standings with one exception,—in the lowest corner, opposite the word deportment, stood that ugly black cross. Sue hour of her return and tell him all about it. His reproof, coming on the first night, after he had been parted from his little daughter for four months, could not be very strongly expressed, especially as perched on his chair with an arm around his neck, she abused herself so roundly and was so very magnanimous toward everybody else. Indeed he was completely disarmed by her tactics and found himself taking her part with a good deal of vehemence, then he laughed and said:

"There, Sue, you are the same little Irishman; I see, Miss Hope has n't taken that out of you. You ought to be well scolded and shut up in a dark closet, but instead you get the kiss and laugh you were hoping for. But remember, daughterling, the discipline I do not give you must come some day. Every little moth is sure to get her wings singed, if she

won't stay out of the candle."

as she expressed it, "Johnnie-on-the-spot over Hope Hall thinking that at last Martha and the whole place," forgetting utterly, for the she were indeed quite good friends.

time at least, the shoulder to shoulder talk she had had with Miss Hope.

There were reasons why Mr. Roberts could not bear to cast a shadow over Sue's holidays, for he knew he must tell her, before she returned to Hope Hall, that he would be forced to resign his ministry and go to Mexico for the winter, leaving the dear ones alone, and that in the spring Cherryfair must find a new tenant; for the Roberts family, who had been so happy beneath its dilapidated roof, were to find a new home in Chicago, where Mr. Roberts was to go into business.

But Sue, when father and Masie told her was glad to slip into Father's study the very first the night before she returned to school, was, as always before the inevitable, brave and cheerful. She reassured them wonderfully, and grew so merry over the idea of Father well again and the wonderful fortunes that would befall them in a big city, that she promised again and again, that not a single thoughtless act of hers should bring a shadow. now that they must stand by one another in troublous times-poor little pie-crust promises. but none the less sincere at the moment. To Virginia the two weeks spent at Cherryfair seemed the most delightful of her life; she had been wise enough not to tell Sue of Martha's urgent invitation to be her guest at Christmas time, for the Roberts family felt Virginia belonged to them and she had her own particular place in every heart at Cherryfair.

Martha was farther from understanding the friendship than ever, but in spite of Virginia's unswerving loyalty she felt Sue must surely soon And this was her dismissal instead of the fall into a pit of her own digging. Martha was stern lecture she so richly deserved. Away not aware that she meant to hasten the catasshe danced for a "lovering" with Masie, a trophe but she certainly did not mean to throw game of blindman's-buff with the children, out a life-line. There was so little of this on and then to help Mandy with the tea, and be, the surface that volatile Sue went back to quaint silver bracelet with a cunningly wrought ing a quick breath: clasp in which was a tiny key hole.

So it happened that Martha was in Number Virginia fitted the bracelet to her wrist, and 21 the day Virginia's belated South American snapping the clasp, locked it with the little Christmas gifts arrived. Among them was a key. She stood quite still for a moment looklittle box addressed to Sue, and in it was a ing at it and then she said beseechingly, catch-

"Please take it off again, Virginia. I can't "The key to this I wear on my watch chain," stand it. It makes me think of handcuffs and



"MARTHA WAS IN NUMBER 21 THE DAY VIRGINIA'S BELATED SOUTH AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GIFTS ARRIVED."

wrote Thad, "for it seems as if somebody ought to have Susan Plenty on the end of a chain."

"Pooh," sniffed Sue, trying to force the pretty trinket over her plump hand, "and how did he expect I was going to get into the thing when it's locked and he has the key! Is n't that just like that absurd boy?"

"Oh, you see," Virginia explained, "Father has sent me one just like it, and my key will me one just like yours, Virginia, but there is unlock yours. Here, let me try."

jails and things. Ugh, I hate it! I believe I would die if I had anything locked on me. I can't get my breath."

"You absurd girl," laughed Virginia. "You will lose it if it is n't locked."

"No, I won't, for I'll keep it in its box," chuckled Sue, hiding it deep in the pink cottor wool. "It was awfully dear of Thad to give something in me that rebels at authority or dis-Sue looked on with frowning brows while cipline, or anything that does not leave me free, free, free! It's so good to be alive when you can do exactly as you please and I'd a lot rather be dead than locked up, I don't care who carried the key."

"You are a strange girl, Sue," and Virginia put her arm lovingly about her. "You are so good and unselfish and yet I never knew any one who hated so much to obey. Now I don't mind that a bit."

"And I," replied Sue returning the embrace vehemently, "don't care what they do to me, so they let me have my liberty. Oh girls," she cried a moment later, as she was locking away the bracelet in the drawer of her desk, "here is a box of the cubeb cigarettes Pater got for Mandy's cold when I was home. I brought them along for a frolic and forgot all about them. Let's each smoke one. Have one, Martha?"

She did not explain that she would never have thought of bringing the cubebs to school if Maze Wood had not put it in her naughty head when she told her of Nan Dempcy's escapade.

"I don't think I care for one, thank you," replied Martha, sniffing daintily at the box Sue offered her, "I don't like the smell of them, what are they, anyway?"

"Oh, just some spicy little berries ground up. They are fine for some colds. Dr. Burton told Pater about them. They 're awfully jolly. Come along, Virginia, I heard you sneeze one day last summer. Let's be sociable."

But Virginia, after a whiff or two, declared she had plenty, so foolish Sue, thinking she was horrifying Martha—she did so love to shock Martha—put her feet on a chair in as mannish an attitude as she could assume, and puffed away pretending to enjoy it immensely.

"That was lots of fun," she assured the girls when the cigarette was reduced to ashes and Martha was giving affected little coughs. "I'm going to lock up these cubebs with my bracelet, and some night when the Minnehahas are here we'll crush 'em up—the cigarettes, not the 'Hahas—and smoke 'em in a peace pipe. Would n't Miss Thaw's old eyes wink if she could see in that drawer, and would n't she love to catch me smoking. Beg pardon,

Martha, I'm always forgetting she's a friend of yours. She has no love for Susie."

"Well, whose fault is that," asked Martha sarcastically, "I don't think you've cultivated her very assiduously; have you, Sue?"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF SIOUX.

Christmas vacation being over the girls had flocked back to Hope Hall quite ready to settle down to good hard work. Nan Dempcy returning with an indigestion, and Enid Fenno engaged, proved in Miss Hope's opinion blessings in disguise, for Nan was so cross and disagreeable that Number 14, for the time at least, lost its attraction, and Enid was so self-satisfied and patronizing, that the Screech Owls unanimously voted her a bore, and so lacking a leader in their mischief settled down to their books in real earnest.

The Minnehaha formed itself with dignity into a book club and grew so superior that even Miss Thaw smiled frostily upon them. But Miss Hope remarked to Mrs. Rood with a shrewd smile:

"It is as well to be prepared just now for any catastrophe. This is n't normal. We are entirely too exalted and great will be our fall. I am just holding my breath."

But with Nan, Enid and Sue subdued for a time, the girls kept earnestly to their work. Beyond the everyday failures to be expected, there was not a single black mark during the first month, and as this beatific state still continued into the second even Miss Hope became unwary, and when Miss Gribble finding that Washington's Birthday fell upon Friday, their regular gala night, suggested to the faculty a fancy dress party there was not a dissenting voice.

There was great rejoicing in Hope Hall when the pretty invitations, on the well-known violet paper with the violet seal appeared.

"Martha Washington and her friends will be pleased to meet 'Pocahontas' in the music-room upon the evening of February twenty-second, from eight until ten," was the invitation addressed to Miss "Sioux" Roberts instead of to Susan Plenty, as was Miss Hope's usual way. While Virginia's was for "Molly Ball," much to her joy.

"You can't guess who 's going to be Martha Washington!" sang little Dolly Bates skipping down the hall, for Dolly had an unerring nose for news and had a way of tantalizing the older girls into giving her all sorts of bribes for allaying their curiosity.

" Pooh, that is n't worth a pic'yune, Dolly," snapped Nan Dempcy, who had eaten a pickle at dinner that was seriously disagreeing with her; "everybody knows it is Miss Hope."

"But it is n't, it is n't," shrieked Dolly. "You are as cold as ice, guess again."

"Miss Thaw," guessed Enid with a grin. "She 'd make a charming Martha."

"It's no such thing, and it is n't Miss Sargeant, nor Fräulein, nor anybody you would ever guess. It is Miss Hope's mother and she's coming to-day."

This, to the girls who had been at Hope Hall long, was good newsindeed, for the "little Madam," as they lovingly called Mrs. Hope, was a great favorite and Miss Hope always laughingly declared she could only allow her at the Hall on especial occasions, as she would soon have the girls utterly ruined by indulgence.

Mrs. Hope was the tiny original of her daughter; but with a motherly smile that dazzled. Soquick was she upon her feet, so playful in her manner, so winning in voice, so sweet in spirit that the girls trooped about her and fairly wailed over the stupid study bell that called them to duty.

If Sue and Virginia were anxious to appear well at the party before Mrs. Hope's arrival they were now frantic in their desires to look their very best. "Silks and blankets, fans and warpaint, combs and feathers, slippers and moccasins"-both talked at once, and one grew so bewildered by the other's brilliant ideas, it is a wonder that Molly Ball and Pocahontas did not appear before Martha Washington and her friends in a marvelous tangle. But strange to say matters straightened themselves out beautifully after some patient work and in Number 21, upon the night of February twenty-second, pirouetted joyfully a most fascinating Molly Ball.

to Kinikinnick just in time, had sent Virginia her great-great-grandmother's corn-colored With her powdered hair piled silk gown. high upon her head, a warm flush on her dusky cheeks, her eyes sparkling under her black, arched brows, her slender throat lifted proudly from the lace bertha, Virginia looked the grand dame to perfection. Not a detail had Aunt Sibyl forgotten-the corn-colored slippers were great-great-grandmother's own: the strand of amber beads, the quaint yellow lace fan that hung from an amber chain, and the great tortoise-shell comb that reared itself above her head-George Washington himself might well have kissed her little brown hand.

"You're a dream, Virginia," cried Sue, "a perfect dream."

"And you, Oh Sue, I hate to say it," gasped Virginia, with a shudder, "you're a nightmare!"

For Sue, realist to the core, had utterly refused to appear as the charming, poetic Pocahontas, of whom, without doubt, Miss Hope was thinking when she had invited her. The Indian dress with it's beads and wampum was partly hidden under a Navajo blanket, her long black braids hung from under her feather bonnet, but her bright, sparkling face was hideously transformed by bands and circles of red and yellow and blue, that she had coaxed Martha Cutting to paint upon it with water colors, and Martha, who was to be the daintiest of Priscillas, nothing loath, had laid the colors on with lavishness.

"Oh Sue, it is n't too late yet," begged Virginia. "Please, Sue, dear, I love you so much and I can't bear to see you make yourself so ugly."

"Ugh, ugh!" grunted Sue, fastening a paper knife, and an old hair switch she had borrowed of Nurse Cheeseman, to her belt, " Me heap big Injun."

"You're horrid," pouted Virginia.

" Pooh, me big brave!" chuckled Sue, brandishing her tomahawk dangerously near Virginia's precious comb, "Whoop-e!"

"Oh Sue, do be good," protested Virginia. "I forgot to tell you, but two strange ladies have come since dinner. Enid Fenno said Aunt Sibyl, who fortunately had returned Miss Hope was so surprised and delighted to Pennypacker, your aunt's friend."

of white squaw," grunted Sue provokingly.

"Oh dear," sighed Virginia, "I suppose it is no use, you always will have your own way." But just then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and a girl can't quite despair if she looks as if she had stepped from some old painting, even if her best friend does insist upon being a scarecrow. So dropping a reconciling kiss on the tip of Sue's nose, the one

see them. One is that lovely deaconess, Miss their stiff starched caps and long skirts; they shrank away trembling-even Dolly Bates, "Ugh, ugh! Me big Injun. Me no'fraid failing to recognize Sue, ran as fast as her clattering wooden shoes would let her to hide behind Martha Washington's brocade skirts, and from that refuge take scared peeps at the slouching, muttering figure.

"Good gracious!" giggled Nan Dempcy, "Just wait until Miss Hope sees her. Sue Roberts always does think of the most outrageous things. Won't old Thaw fall in a faint?"

"I'd hate to make such a guy of myself,



"THE MUSIC ROOM WAS ALL A-BUZZ WHEN AN INDIAN IN A GAY BLANKET SHUFFLED IN."

spot that had escaped Martha's brush, she sailed away, leaving Sue, who was determined upon making a more startling entrance.

The music room was all a-buzz and a-bustle when, fifteen minutes after" Molly Ball" had made her advent, an Indian, half crouching under a gay blanket, shuffled in gloweringly. The dainty Puritan maids, the demure little Quakers, and ladies of high degree stopped on the instant in the midst of their merry babble to catch a breath in dismay, and then suddenly understanding, a gale of laughter swept the room. Not so with the little Dutch girls, in

even to spite Miss Thaw," whispered Enid loud enough to reach Virginia, who stood with Martha Cutting clenching her hands to keep from crying out; for if foolish Sue had looked disreputable in the privacy of their own room, here under the lights and among the daintily-dressed girls she was impossible.

But Sue was happy. She was making exactly the sensation she had wished, the big girls were laughing, the little ones were quaking, and she herself had dared what not another girl in Hope Hall, not even the redoubtable Nan, would have ventured.

"Push her to the front," urged Enid, her naughty heart beating high in anticipation under the meek, drab folds of her Quaker garb. "Come on, Nan, we must be there to see."

Crowding closely around the grotesque figure the girls pushed Sue rapidly down the room toward Mrs. Hope, who, dressed as Martha Washington, stood with her daughter and the other teachers in line. Sue felt to her fingertips that the girls were expecting something unusual in behavior to match her attire. To simply look weird and mutter she felt would be stupid, and the Minnehahas, some of whom had been in her secret, would never forgive her if she should be flat after attracting so much attention. She must do something startling, something thrilling, and be quick about it.

Higher and higher rose her spirits, as she heard the giggling girls elbowing behind her. She was quivering with excitement, her cheeks burning beneath their paint, her black eyes dancing, all thought of propriety, of courtesy, of common civility whisked from her brain by her mad desire to do something daring. Unluckily Sue did not see the trim little lady in gray who stood at the end of the line and whose eyes were flashing.

"You George's squaw?" inquired Sue, shaking Martha Washington's hand vigorously, quite unmoved by the shocked expression on the kind old face. "Him no tell lie, he did it with his little tomahawk. Him heap big chief."

Rewarded for her audacity by the snickering of the girls behind her, she passed on down the line. "How! how!" was her greeting to Miss Hope, who as Lady Kitty Duer stood next—even Miss Gribble's low "careful, Sue, careful," had no effect, and mounted now on the crest of the wave of her foolish excitement and hilarity, she stood before Miss Pennupacker ready for anything.

This was Aunt Serena's famous friend—the tactful dignified woman whom Aunt Serena had told her so many times would be so shocked by her rude unlady-like behavior. A madder impulse seized Sue. She would test the quality of the lofty example that had always been held up to her. Behind her Nan whispered and Enid laughed. They thought she was afraid of this tall woman who looked down

on her saucy painted grin with such calm grace. Sue fairly burned to distinguish herself.

Then all in a flash she snatched the switch and the wickedly-gleaming paper knife from her belt, threw herself forward to grasp Miss Pennypacker by her back hair, and with a wild whoop brandished her weapon and the flying switch like a scalp above her victim's head.

There was no doubt Sue had made her sensation. The girls fairly shrieked with laughter for a moment, then at the sight of Miss Hope's flaming face they fell back frightened and dismayed. But for Sue herself there had been a more startling outcome, for hardly had she swooped forward when a voice made her turn aghast.

"Susan! Susan Plenty Roberts! let go this instant! I'm ashamed of you!"

There was no mistaking that voice; those flashing eyes, nor that stern, set face, pale with righteous indignation. It was Aunt Serena Fulton's voice, it was Aunt Serena's hand shaking her by the arm, Aunt Serena's very self, and someway in that horrified face for the first time in her life Sue saw herself as she really was. She did not need to look into the burning faces of her teachers, nor see the dismayed glances of the girls. She did not need to hear Miss Hope's quick, low, "Go to your room, Susan," nor Virginia's suppressed sob, as she pushed forward to her side.

"Come," whispered Virginia, "Come away."

Up the stairs they crept together to their own room to hide Sue and her disgrace, that dear room they had left so gaily such a little time before. If Virginia rebelled against Sue's folly she did not show it, and indeed it would have taken a harder heart than hers to have been anything but kind to that trembling girl; her face pale through the disfiguring paint, her eyes strained and staring.

"Cry, dear, cry!" urged Virginia, the tears streaming down her own face, as with shaking hands she helped Sue off with her feathers and beads. "I can't bear to see you like that, Sue. Please let me call Nurse Cheeseman."

"No, oh, no!" moaned Sue, ringing her hands helplessly. "Go back Virginia, and leave me alone! I have disgraced you and everybody! Oh Virginia if I could only get away, if

I could only go home! But I don't think I could ever sing 'Whoopsy saw, sine craw' nor dance with them all again."

"Poor old Sue, poor old girl!" and Virginia

pressed the shamed head to her breast.

"I was horrid, perfectly horrid! And I meant to be funny! Oh, I don't know what I did mean. I was just swept away by my silly desire to show off. But, Oh Virginia, I never knew. . . I never knew, until I read it in Aunt Serena's face. . . I 'm. . . awful. . . I 'd hate to have a daughter like me. . . I should think father and mother would die of shame! Miss Hope, and dear Miss Sargent they tried to help me, and Miss Gribble whispered to me to-night and I never listened. I just went on, and on, and on! And now it will all come down on father and mother, and on Aunt Serena, and she sent me here. She's been kind to me all my life. . . Most of the pretty things I have had she or Uncle David have given me. Why even then I was spreading around in her gifts. . . Oh I 've been such a fool, such a silly, wicked idiot, Virginia. Phil said once they would send me home and I just laughed at him and Betty said if they did I would be a family disgrace. . . think of that., . me a disgrace. . and Oh, I am. . I am. . but Phil, dear old Phil, he said that he would always stand by me. . . Oh, if I could only see him. . and Aunt Serena. . . it's no wonder she don't come to see me. . . but I would go to her if her heart was broken. . I would. . no difference how bad she had been. and, Oh Virginia, I want her so!"

"Do cry, Sue dear your eyes look as if they were burning," begged Virginia with her arms around her. "Perhaps it is n't so bad after all."

"Virginia Clayton," cried Sue starting up and grasping Virginia's arm so tightly it made her cry out. "Tell me this: did I or did I not act like a wild savage—a girl you would scorn to know, or did I behave as father's daughter should?"

Truthful Virginia winced under that fiery, questioning gaze but straight and true came the answer. "I—I could n't believe you were my Sue, not the dear Sue of Cherryfair—the one your father and mother and the children love and admire so much—and Oh—and Oh—I just wanted to catch you up in my arms and carry you away. Oh what made you do it, Sue, what made you? If Nan Dempcy—"

"No, no she wouldn't, not even she," groaned Sue, falling back on her pillow. "Oh I wish I had never thought of calling myself Sioux! I remember father said once he didn't believe a little Sioux squaw would be as rude as I am sometimes—Oh I had better die, Virginia, for I never can be a nice, good Susan girl—I will just always have to be a wild, whooping Indian," and then for the first time Sue's tears came and burying her head deep down in the pillow she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Virginia feeling that this was much better for her than the wild, strained excitement let her grief have its way. Her own heart was very, very heavy, for Sue would be expelled, she felt sure of that, and she knew of the sorrow that would bring to the loving hearts at Cherryfair and to Mr. Roberts alone and ill in far off Mexico.

By and by Sue, worn out by her grief and shame lay quite silent, brooding over the trouble she had brought upon them all, and Virginia, in answer to the ten o'clock bell, made ready for the night. They heard the girls come up and go trooping past their door. Poor Sue as she heard their gay voices shuddered and felt her cheeks burn. How could she ever look at them again?

Just as Virginia was about to turn out the light there came a gentle tap at the door and little Mrs. Hope, still in her brocade, came softly in. It seemed to penitent Sue that no vision was ever more lovely than that motherly old face, nor no sound more sweet than that gentle voice.

"Dear little daughter," she said sitting down by Sue and taking the hot hand in hers. "I could n't go to sleep until I came to say good night and God bless you."

(To be continued.)

ELSIE'S FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY HENRY M. NEELY.

OLD Doctor Potter sat in his office reading his paper and listening to the dismal patter of got it with you?" the rain on the windows. It was a drowsy day and he was very tired and it was not long before the street. "It's out there."

the paper slipped from his hands and his head fell back upon the chair.

He was not asleep. He had just fallen into that delightful doze that is half sleep and half waking, when there came a timid knocking upon the door.

The Doctor sat up suddenly and collected his dignity as quickly as possible.

"Come in," he called in a deep voice.

The door did not budge.

He had almost made up his mind that he had imagined it all when the knocking came again, even more timidly than before.

"Come in," he called again, and in answer, the door was pushed slowly open and a little girl, very thin and wet and woe-begone, stuck her head into the office.

"Please, sir," she faltered. "Are you the Doctor?"

Doctor Potter beamed down upon her kindly.

"Yes, little woman," he said. "What can I do for you?"

She dragged herself forward by inches until at last she was wholly within the room, and there in a cage?" she stood shifting from one foot to the other.

"Well, what is it?" he asked encouragingly. "Please, sir, it's a hurted little bird," she said. The Doctor looked puzzled.

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"A hurt bird," he repeated. "Have you

"No, sir." She pointed a wet finger toward



"SHE WALKED CONFIDENTLY AHEAD OF HIM ALONG THE WET VILLAGE STREET."

Doctor Potter rose and looked out of the window.

"I don't see it," he said. "Have you got it

She shook her head slowly.

"No, sir," she said. "It's layin' in th' gutter."

"In the gutter?" he repeated, growing

more puzzled. Then he drew the wet little form upon his knee.

"Now tell me all about it from the beginning," he said, "and we'll see what we can do about it."

Her face brightened as though the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

"Well I wuz walkin' down th' street and it wuz rainin' awful an' I wuz runnin' an' it fell outen th' tree right into th' gutter an' it jest laid there an' cried an' it could n't get up an' I run in here an' telled you about it an' that 's about all I guess."

Doctor Potter threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"I suppose you would have exploded if you had n't said all that in one breath, would n't you?" he asked, and when he saw how really serious she was he rose and put on his hat.

we'll see what we can do for it."

She walked confidently ahead of him as they trudged along the wet village street, and when they reached the corner she stopped suddenly and pointed to the gutter a few feet away.

"There 't is," she said.

Doctor Potter followed the direction of her finger and saw struggling pitifully in the mud, a wounded sparrow.

"Oh, is that all it is?" he asked. "I thought it was a pet of yours."

"No," she answered. "'T ain't a pet. It's jest a sparrer only it 's hurted an' I thought you would cure it," and two big tears started down her already wet cheek.

"There, never mind," said the Doctor as he picked up the wounded bird. "Come along back to my office and we'll see what we can do for your little friend."

and asked,-

"Why did you leave it lying there? Why did n't you bring it with you?"

She drew back a step.

"'Cause I wuz 'fraid," she said. "They bites, does n't they?"

"You're a little brick," he said, and led the way into the office.

She stood watching him with wondering eyes as he examined the patient and when he with a pin to fasten it to her dress.

muttered, "Broken leg," she seemed to understand just how serious it was.

"But you can cure it, can't you?" she

He went to a drawer and took out some bandages and then to another and took out some bottles with medicine in them and for ten minutes he worked over the little sufferer without saying a word.

When he had finished, he turned to her and

"There, we'll let him rest here for a little while and it won't be many days before he will be well enough to go out. What are you doing?"

She had taken something from her pocket and was examining it in her hand. She held it out to him as she answered,-

" It 's only six cents, but I guess that will be "All right," he said. "Come on out and enough, won't it? If it costs more, I guess you 'll have to wait till I save more, 'cause that 's all I 've got."

He thought for a long time before he an-

"Well I'll tell you," he said finally. "You keep that money until I get ready to make out my bill and when I am ready to do that, I'll let you know. That's the way we always do business. Meanwhile we'll put your sick friend in the box of soft cotton where he can rest easily. And now you must tell me your name and address so that I will know where to send my bill."

She watched him write on a card,

ELSIE RITTER, 147 Main St., (Bird with broken leg)

and then she said good-bye to him very seri-When they reached the steps he turned to her ously, as any of his patients would have done, and went out.

> A week went by and then another, but still she did not get the bill and she was going to call on him and remind him of it when one day she received a box and a letter in the mail. When she opened the box, she gave a little cry of surprise and delight and drew out to the astonished sight of her mother, a beautiful bronze medal tied with ribbon and arranged

her name engraved upon one side of the medal did not equal her wonder at the letter that accompanied it. It said,-

But even the wonder that she felt at seeing of how that little girl had offered to give him all her pennies if he would cure it. We were all very much interested in the story. Our Society gives out Medals of Honor every year to whomever we think worthy of them and when Doctor Potter said he thought that little



"'IT'S ONLY SIX CENTS, BUT I GUESS THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, WON'T IT?""

My DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

Have you ever heard of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? You probably have not but to you. at one of our meetings the other day, Doctor Potter, who is our Treasurer, told us the story of a kind-hearted little girl who had run through the rain to get him to help a suffering bird which she was afraid to touch and

girl deserved one, we all agreed that she did. If you do not understand it all, just ask your mother to explain it

With the very best wishes, I am, Your friend and admirer, JAMES II. ROBERTS. (Corresponding Secretary.)

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HELEN NICOLAY.

XI.

THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR.

In the summer of 1863 the Confederate armies reached their greatest strength. It was then that, flushed with military ardor, and made bold by what seemed to the southern leaders an unbroken series of victories on the Virginia battlefields, General Lee again crossed the Potomac River, and led his army into the North. He went as far as Gettysburg in Pennsylvania; but there, on the third of July, 1863, suffered a disastrous defeat, which shattered forever the Confederate dream of taking Philadelphia and dictating peace from Independence Hall. This battle of Gettysburg should have ended the war, for General Lee, on retreating southward, found the Potomac River so swollen by heavy rains that he was obliged to wait several days for the floods to go down. In that time it would have been quite possible for General Meade, the Union commander, to follow him, and utterly destroy his army. He proved too slow, however, and Lee and his beaten Confederate soldiers escaped. President Lincoln was inexpressibly grieved at this, and in the first bitterness of his disappointment sat down and wrote General Meade a letter. Lee "was within your easy grasp," he told him, "and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. Your golden opportunity is gone and I am distressed immeasurably because of it." But Meade never received this letter. Deeply as the President felt Meade's fault, his spirit of forgiveness was so quick, and his thankfulness for the measure of success that had been gained so great, that he put it in his desk, and it was never signed or sent.

victory, and coupled with the fall of Vicksburg, for which they gave the last full measure of devo-

which surrendered to General Grant on that same third of July, proved the real turning-point of the war. It seems singularly appropriate, then, that Gettysburg should have been the place where President Lincoln made his most beautiful and famous address. After the battle the dead and wounded of both the Union and Confederate armies had received tender attention there. Later it was decided to set aside a portion of the battlefield for a great national military cemetery in which the dead found orderly burial. It was dedicated to its sacred use on November 19, 1863. At the end of the ceremonies President Lincoln rose and

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicatewe cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us-that from these honored The battle of Gettysburg was indeed a notable dead we take increased devotion to that cause

tion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

With these words, so brief, so simple, so full of reverent feeling, he set aside the place of strife to be the resting place of heroes, and then went back to his own great task—for which he, too, was to give "the last full measure of devotion."

Up to within a very short time little had been heard about Ulysses S. Grant, the man destined to become the most successful general of the war. Like General McClellan, he was a graduate of West Point; and also like McClellan, he had resigned from the army after serving gallantly in the Mexican war. McClellan was a good organizer, but Grant had to a greater degree the faculty of taking the initiative; and he possessed a persistent will always to do the best he could with the means his Government gave him. On offering his services to the War Department in 1861 he had modestly written: "I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust one to me." For some reason this letter remained unanswered, although the Department, then and later, had need of trained and experienced officers. Afterward the Governor of Illinois made him a colonel of one of the three years' volunteer regiments; and from that time on he rose in rank, not as McClellan had done, by leaps and bounds, but slowly, earning every promo-All of his service had been in the West, and he first came into general notice by his persistent and repeated efforts to capture Vicksburg, on whose fall the opening of the Mississippi River depended. Five different plans he tried before he finally succeeded, the last one appearing utterly foolhardy, and seeming to go against every known rule of military science. In spite of this it was successful, the Union army and navy thereby gaining control of the Mississippi River and cutting off forever from the Confederacy a great extent of rich country from which it had for a long time been drawing men and supplies.

The North was greatly cheered by these victories, and all eyes were turned upon the successful commander. No one was more thankful than Mr. Lincoln. He gave Grant quick promotion, and crowned the official act with a most generous letter. "I do not remember that you and I ever met personally," he wrote. "I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further." Then, summing up the plans that the General had tried, especially the last one, he added: "I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

Other important battles won by Grant that same fall added to his growing fame, and by the beginning of 1864 he was singled out as the greatest Union commander. As a suitable reward for his victories it was determined to make him Lieutenant-General. This army rank had, before the Civil War, been bestowed on only two American soldiers-on General Washington, and on Scott, for his conquest of Mexico. In 1864 Congress passed and the President signed an act to revive the grade, and Grant was called to Washington to receive his commission. He and Mr. Lincoln met for the first time at a large public reception held at the Executive Mansion on the evening of March 8. A movement and rumor in the crowd heralded his approach, and when at last the short, stocky, determined soldier and the tall, care-worn, deepeyed President stood face to face the crowd, moved by a sudden impulse of delicacy, drew back, and left them almost alone to exchange a few words. Later, when Grant appeared in the great East Room, the enthusiasm called forth by his presence could no longer be restrained, and cheer after cheer went up, while his admirers pressed about him so closely that, hot and blushing with embarrassment, he was forced at last to mount a sofa, and from there shake hands with the eager people who thronged up to him from all sides.

The next day at one o'clock the President, in the presence of the cabinet and a few other officials, made a little speech, and gave him his commission. Grant replied with a few words, as modest as they were brief, and in conversa-

tion afterwards asked what special duty was required of him. The President answered that the people wanted him to take Richmond, and asked if he could do it. Grant said that he could if he had the soldiers, and the President promised that these would be furnished him. Grant did not stay in Washington to enjoy the new honors of his high rank, but at once set about preparations for his task. It proved a hard one. More than a year passed before it was ended, and all the losses in battle of the three years that had gone before seemed small in comparison with the terrible numbers of killed and wounded that fell during these last months of the war. At first Grant had a fear that the President might wish to control his plans, but this was soon quieted; and his last lingering doubt on the subject vanished when, as he was about to start on his final campaign, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter stating his satisfaction with all he had done, and assuring him that in the coming campaign he neither knew, nor desired to know, the details of his plans. In his reply Grant confessed the groundlessness of his fears, and added, "should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you."

He made no complicated plan for the problem before him, but proposed to solve it by plain, hard, persistent fighting. "Lee's army will be your objective point," he instructed General Meade. "Where Lee goes there you will go also." Nearly three years earlier the opposing armies had fought their first battle of Bull Run only a short distance north of where they now confronted each other. Campaign and battle between them had swayed to the north and the south, but neither could claim any great gain of ground or of advantage. The final struggle was before them. Grant had two to one in numbers: Lee the advantage in position, for he knew by heart every road, hill and forest in Virginia, had for his friendly scout every white inhabitant, and could retire into prepared fortifications. Perhaps the greatest element of his strength lay in the conscious pride make up the numbers of soldiers needed by of his army that for three years it had steadily barred the way to Richmond. To offset this it was now menaced by what had always been him at this time, many troublesome questions absent before-the grim, unflinching will of the to settle. For instance, there were new loyal

new Union commander, who had rightly won for himself the name of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

On May 4, 1864, his army entered upon the campaign which, after many months, was to end the war. It divided itself into two parts. For the first six weeks there was almost constant swift marching and hard fighting, a nearly equally matched contest of strategy and battle between the two armies, the difference being that Grant was always advancing, and Lee always retiring. Grant had hoped to defeat Lee outside of his fortifications, and early in the campaign had expressed his resolution "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; but the losses were so appalling, 60,000 of his best troops melting away in killed and wounded during the six weeks, that this was seen to be impossible. Lee's army was therefore driven into its fortifications around the Confederate capital, and then came the siege of Richmond, lasting more than nine months, but pushed forward all that time with relentless energy, in spite of Grant's heavy losses.

In the West, meanwhile, General William T. Sherman, Grant's closest friend and brother officer, pursued a task of almost equal importance, taking Atlanta, Georgia, which the Confederates had turned into a city of foundries and workshops for the manufacture and repair of guns; then, starting from Atlanta, marching with his best troops three hundred miles to the sea, laying the country waste as they went; after which, turning northward, he led them through South and North Carolina to bring his army in touch with Grant.

Against this background of fighting the life of the country went on. The end of the war was approaching, surely, but so slowly that the people, hoping for it, and watching day by day. could scarcely see it. They schooled themselves to a dogged endurance, but there was more enthusiasm. Many lost courage. Volunteering almost ceased, and the government was obliged to begin drafting men to Grant in his campaign against Richmond.

The President had many things to dishearten

of the Union armies-no easy matter, where there was so little of this. every man, woman and child harbored angry feelings against the North, and no matter how just and forbearing he might be, his plans were sure to be thwarted and bitterly opposed.

There were serious questions, too, to be decided about negro soldiers, for the South had raised a mighty outcry against the Emancipation Proclamation, especially against the use of the freed slaves as soldiers, vowing that white officers of negro troops would be shown scant courtesy if ever they were taken prisoners. No verified report of any such vengeance is recorded, however.

Numbers of good and influential men, dismayed at the amount of blood and treasure that the war had already cost, and disheartened by the calls for still more soldiers that Grant's campaign made necessary, began to clamor for peace-were ready to grant almost anything that the Confederates chose to ask. Rebel agents were in Canada professing to be able to conclude a peace. Mr. Lincoln, wishing to convince these northern "Peace men" of the groundlessness of their claim, and of the in-Greeley, the foremost among them, to Canada, to talk with the self-styled ambassadors of Jefferson Davis. Nothing came of it, of course, except abuse of Mr. Lincoln for sending such a messenger, and a lively quarrel between Greeley appointing Chase's friends to office. and the Confederate agents as to who was re-

ment of a presidential campaign; for, according to law, Mr Lincoln's successor had to be elected on the "Tuesday after the first

State governments to provide in those parts of earlier at least four of them had active hopes of the South which had again come under control being chosen in his stead, it is remarkable that

The one who developed the most serious desire to succeed him was Salmon P. Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury. Devoted with all his powers to the cause of the Union, Mr, Chase was yet strangely at fault in his judgment of men. He regarded himself as the friend of Mr. Lincoln, but nevertheless held so poor an opinion of the President's mind and character, compared with his own, that he could not believe people blind enough to prefer the President to himself. He imagined that he did not want the office, and was anxious only for the public good; yet he listened eagerly to the critics of the President who flattered his hopes, and found time in spite of his great labors to write letters to all parts of the country, which, although protesting that he did not want the honor, showed his entire willingness to accept it. Mr. Lincoln was well aware of this. Indeed, it was impossible not to know about it, though he refused to hear the matter discussed or to read any letters concerning it. He had his own opinion of the taste displayed by Mr. Chase, but chose to take no notice of his actions. "I have determined," he justice of their charges that the government was said, "to shut my eyes, so far as possible, to continuing the war unnecessarily, sent Horace everything of the sort. Mr. Chase makes a good Secretary, and I shall keep him where he is. If he becomes President, all right. I hope we may never have a worse man," and he not only kept him where he was, but went on

There was also some talk of making General sponsible for the misunderstandings that arose. Grant the Republican candidate for President, The summer and autumn of 1864 were like- and an attempt was even made to trap Mr. Linwise filled with the bitterness and high excite- coln into taking part in a meeting where this was to be done. Mr. Lincoln refused to attend, and instead wrote a letter of such hearty and generous approval of Grant and his army that Monday" of November in that year. The great the meeting naturally fell into the hands of Mr. mass of Republicans wished Mr. Lincoln to be Lincoln's friends, General Grant, never at that reëlected. The Democrats had long ago fixed time or any other, gave the least encouragement upon General McClellan, with his grievances to the efforts which were made to array him against the President, as their future candidate. against the President. Mr. Lincoln, on his part, It is not unusual for Presidents to discover received all warnings to beware of Grant in the would-be rivals in their own cabinets. Con- most serene manner, saying tranquilly, "If he sidering the strong men who formed Mr. takes Richmond, let him have it." It was not Lincoln's cabinet, and the fact that four years so with General Frémont. At a poorly attended

meeting held in Cleveland he was actually nominated by a handful of people calling themselves the "Radical Democracy," and taking the matter seriously, accepted, although, three months later, having found no response from the public, he withdrew from the contest.

After all, these various attempts to discredit the name of Abraham Lincoln caused hardly a ripple on the great current of public opinion, and death alone could have prevented his choice by the Republican national convention. He took no measures to help on his own candidacy. With strangers he would not talk about the probability of his reëlection; but with friends he made no secret of his readiness to continue the work he was engaged in if such should be the general wish. "A second term would be a great honor and a great labor; which together, perhaps, I would not decline," he wrote to one of them. He discouraged officeholders, either civil or military, who showed any special zeal in his behalf. To General Schurz, who wrote asking permission to take an active part in the campaign for his reëlection, he answered: " I perceive no objection to your making a political speech when you are where one is to be made; but quite surely, speaking in the North, and fighting in the South at the same time are not possible, nor could I be justified to detail any officer to the political campaign and then return him to the army."

He himself made no long speeches during the summer, and in his short addresses, at Sanitary Fairs, in answer to visiting delegations, and on similar occasions where custom and courtesy obliged him to say a few words, he kept his quiet ease and self-command, speaking heartily and to the point, yet avoiding all the pitfalls that beset the candidate who talks.

When the Republican national convention came together in Baltimore on June 7, 1864, it had very little to do, for its delegates were bound by rigid instructions to vote for Abraham Lincoln. He was chosen on the first ballot, every State voting for him except Missouri, whose representatives had been instructed to vote for Grant. Missouri at once changed its vote, and the secretary of the convention read the grand total of 506 for Lincoln, his announcement being greeted by a storm of cheers that lasted several minutes.

It was not so easy to choose a Vice-President. Mr. Lincoln had been besieged by many people to make his wishes in the matter known, but had persistently refused. He rightly felt that it would be presumptuous in him to dictate who should be his companion on the ticket, and, in case of his death, his successor in office. This was for the delegates to the convention to decide, for they represented the voters of the country. He had no more right to dictate who should be selected than the Emperor of China would have had. It is probable that Vice-President Hamlin would have been renominated, if it had not been for the general feeling both in and out of the convention that, under all the circumstances, it would be wiser to select some man who had been a Democrat, and had yet upheld the war. The choice fell upon Andrew Johnson of Tennessee who was not only a Democrat, but had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln military governor of Tennessee in 1862.

The Democrats at first meant to have the national convention of their party meet on the fourth of July; but after Frémont had been nominated at Cleveland and Lincoln at Baltimore, they postponed it to a later date, hoping that something in the chapter of accidents might happen to their advantage. At first it appeared as if this might be the case. The outlook for the Republicans was far from satisfactory. terrible fighting and great losses of Grant's army in Virginia had profoundly shocked and depressed the country. The campaign of General Sherman, who was then in Georgia, showed as yet no promise of the brilliant results it afterward attained. General Early's sudden raid into Maryland, when he appeared so unexpectedly before Washington and threatened the city. had been the cause of much exasperation; and Mr. Chase, made bitter by his failure to receive the coveted nomination for President, had resigned from the cabinet. This seemed, to certain leading Republicans, to point to a breaking up of the government. "Peace" men were clamoring loudly for an end of the war; and the Democrats, not having yet formally chosen a candidate, were free to devote all their leisure to attacks upon the administration.

Mr. Lincoln realized fully the tremendous



The first meeting of president lincoln and general grant. Vol. XXXIII.—127. 1009

issues at stake. He looked worn and weary. ministration to accept loyally the verdict of To a friend who urged him to go away for a fortnight's rest, he replied, "I cannot fly from my thoughts. My solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I do not think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great country will be decided in November. There is no program offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union."

The political situation grew still darker. Toward the end of August the general gloom enveloped even the President himself. Then what he did was most original and characteristic. Feeling that the campaign was going against him, he made up his mind deliberately as to the course he ought to pursue, and laid down for himself the action demanded by his strong sense of duty. He wrote on August 23 the following memorandum: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the Presidentelect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot to the true meaning of the Democratic possibly save it afterward."

such a way that its contents could not be seen, and when at last the Unionists, rousing and as the cabinet came together handed it to from their mid-summer languor, began to each member successively, asking him to show their faith in the Republican candiwrite his name across the back of it. In this date, the hopelessness of all efforts to underpeculiar fashion he pledged himself and his ad-mine him became evident.

the people if it should be against them, and to do their utmost to save the Union in the brief remainder of his term of office. He gave no hint to any member of his cabinet of the nature of the paper they had signed until after his reelection.

The Democratic convention finally came together in Chicago on August 29. It declared the war a failure, and that efforts ought to be made at once to bring it to a close, and nominated General McClellan for President. Mc-Clellan's only chance of success lay in his war record. His position as a candidate on a platform of dishonorable peace would have been no less desperate than ridiculous. In his letter accepting the nomination, therefore, he calmly ignored the platform, and renewed his assurances of devotion to the Union, the Constitution, and the flag of his country. But the stars in their courses fought against him. Even before the Democratic convention met, the tide of battle had turned. The darkest hour of the war had passed, and dawn was at hand, and amid the thanksgivings of a grateful people, and the joyful salute of great guns, the real presidential campaign began. The country awoke platform; General Sherman's successes in the He folded and pasted the sheet of paper in South excited the enthusiasm of the people;

(To be continued.)



WINNIE'S NINTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

By LURA M. COBB.

before, without Mamma to kiss her in the morn- out the tangles in her hair. ing, and wish her many happy returns, and to

make the day bright and pleasant for her; and she did not know how she could have a happy day So when her without her. cousin Edith peeked in her door on that bright August morning of her ninth birthday, and shouted "Happy Birthday," Winnie Burton suddenly awoke feeling very sober.

A telegram had come the day before, and Mamma had gone away in great haste to see her who was Winnie's father. Grandpa Lee, who was very ill; and had taken baby sister Ruth, with her. Papa and Winnie and brother Ted had come to Grandma Burton's house to stay while Mamma was away.

Tears were very near her eyes, when her Aunt May leaned over her, and gave her nine kisses and one to grow on, and put something in her hand, all so quickly, that the tears did not have time to fall. She sat up in bed to see what she had given her, and found it was a pretty little leather purse, with a bright shining dime in it.

As soon as Aunt May had left the room, she began to dress, and

in her new purse, too. When she poured which held a set of tiny embroidered handkerwater into the washbowl she found another chiefs, each bearing her initial in the corner, silver dime in the bowl, and when she brushed her teeth, there was another in the mug, and the soap dish held another, and one dropped

SHE had never had a birthday celebration out of the hair brush as she raised it to brush

Downstairs, she found Grandma and Grandpa Burton, Aunt May, and Papa to greet her with smiling faces and

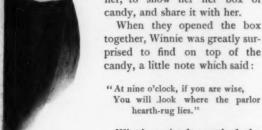
good wishes, and Papa squeezed her hand tight as he sat down by her, and she began to feel comforted somehow.

Another silver dime dropped out of her napkin, and one was in the spoon, when she began to eat her oatmeal, and when she counted them all, she found she had nine silver dimes.

When Papa kissed her "Goodbye," and told her to be a good girl, he handed Winnie a box of candy.

Aunt May was a very pretty young lady, and Winnie was very fond of her, so she ran to find her, to show her her box of

When they opened the box together, Winnie was greatly surprised to find on top of the candy, a little note which said:



Winnie patiently watched the big clock on the stairs and when it chimed nine, she ran quickly into the parlor, and lifted up the

in each shoe found another dime, which she put rug. There was a long pasteboard box under it, and a little note which read thus:

> "At ten o'clock you may see A gift near the cherry tree."



"COUSIN EDITH PEEKED IN

"WINNIE PATIENTLY WATCHED THE BIG CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

Winnie was so delighted with this dainty pres- clock began to strike. She ran out to the big ent, that she only remembered the note when the cherry tree in the front yard, and under it on the green grass lay a fine doll, dressed completely from head to foot. Tied to the waist of the doll was another little note, which said:

> "When eleven strokes you hear, Go on the back porch, Winnie dear."

Although Winnie enjoyed examining her doll, she had not time just then to really play with it. She was prompt at obeying the command, and ready to start for the back porch at the first stroke of the clock. A blue doll carriage, for all the world like a real one, only smaller, met her eye. She wheeled it over to the back porch where she had laid the doll. Tied to the wheel she saw a slip of paper. This one said:

> "At twelve o'clock you may be able To find me at the dining-room table."

When Papa and Grandpa came home to lunch, they were told the story of the morning, and saw all the gifts and little notes. On Winnie's plate lay a small package which held a pretty tie, and this note besides:

> "At one be at the kitchen door, If of fun you want some more."

This time she was ahead of the clock and she saw Aunt May put a bowl of soap suds and two new bubble pipes on the steps at the kitchen door, and she ran up to her, and they began to blow bubbles as the big clock struck.

Grandma and Kate, the cook, came out to watch them, and all enjoyed looking at the pretty bubbles floating so gracefully in the air, with bright colors playing on their shining

Presently Winnie saw that a little note lay by the side of the bowl which said:

"At the top of the stairs I 'll wait for you, When the big clock strikes the hour of two."

She was having such a good time blowing bubbles that the clock struck before she thought again of the note. When she ran up the stairs she saw on the step a shining top and string. It spun so easily, and hummed so prettily that at first Winnie did not see that a note also lay on the top step, which said :



"SHE RAN UP TO HER AUNT AND THEY BOTH BEGAN TO BLOW BUBBLES."

"On the kitchen table you will see Something nice as the clock strikes three."

Aunt May came to see the new top spin, and went with her to the kitchen at three o'clock, where she found a plate of fine cookies. They

were just in time to keep her from getting hungry, and she, brother Ted, Ruth and Aunt May ate every one. Under the last one she found a note, which said:

"At four straight to the hammock go,— You'll miss it if you are too slow."

The moment the clock struck, off ran Winnie to the garden. In the hammock lay her brother Ted who looked up as she approached, pretending he had just wakened up and knew nothing about the present. She found it, however, in a moment, carefully hidden under a magazine which Ted had been reading.

It was a lovely picture book, so tumbling her brother out she climbed up into the hammock, and looked through the book with the greatest "delight. Between the pages, she came across another littlerhyme which said:

> "Be neat and clean at the hour of five, For the last treat is to be a drive."

So after a while, Aunt May came out to her and they took all the gifts and notes and laid them on the table in the hall, to show to Papa, and to be ready also for Mamma when she should come home. Then Aunt May and she drove to the office for Grandpa and Papa.

As soon as Papa saw Winnie, he said: "Mamma telegraphed me that Grandpa Lee is better, and she will be home to-morrow."

After supper Winnie told Papa and Grandpa all about the surprises and the good times of



"IN THE HAMMOCK LAY HER BROTHER TED."

the day, and she longed for the next day to come, so that she might see Mamma and show her treasures, and tell her how she had spent the day; and as she went off to bed she said to Aunt May, "This was a glorious birthday after all. I had nine surprises and nine silver dimes, and I think I had next to as good a birthday as if Mamma had been home."

THE GREAT "Y" AND THE CROCKERY "O."

By CHARLES D. STEWART, Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

PART I .- THE GREAT "Y."

garden banks and osier-fields and overhanging Both of them have mills to turn. blue Muskingum spreads out in the sun and shines like a mirror above its mill-dam, and then it tumbles down with a roar as it turns the mill and hurries away over the rocks as if a task. But the Licking spills itself smoothly into the Muskingum, and sings happily at its work. So you see even the lazy Licking does not get past here without doing some work, for the inhabitants are very industrious. the rivers unite their waters and make a stream deep enough to float barges full of crockery, and steamboats laden with all the things they make here, down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi and away to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now when it came to building a bridge to join that city together the wise men of the place saw that it would have to be a bridge with three ends. A queer bridge that would be, indeed; for who ever heard of a bridge with more than two ends to it? There was not such a thing in the United States. But they had to have it, and so they made it. And it was the only bridge of the kind in the world, like it. To look at it, one would think that

RIGHT in the middle of a city in Ohio one bridge had four hallways, two big ones for river empties into another, and so the city is horses and two little ones for people walking. divided into three parts. It is really three It had a shingled roof over all the length of towns sitting "catacornered" to each other, it, and windows in the sides, so that it was a with the waters between them. One river is sort of house-bridge. When it rained you the murmuring Muskingum hurrying along could go out on the river and be out of the between its big echoing hills, and the other is wet. Where the bridges came together there the lazy Licking flowing quietly between green was a big room out in the middle of the river, with the twelve hallways opening into it. Can The you imagine what a roomful of horses and wagons and people that was, with the people of three towns all crossing from hall to hall as they came and went in different directions? Everybody in the three parts of the city had it were angry at being caught and put at such to come out here whenever they went to any of the others. And so they all met in the room out in the middle of the river, no matter where they were coming from or where they were going to.

> But I had started to tell about a boy who lived in this queer city. Polite folks called him Dugald and his mother called him "Duggy"; but the men and boys just called him "Dug," and so that came to be his name.

> Dug was a little boy who had just learned Y and a part of O. He was studying O. Once, when he was studying it, he said to one of his grandfathers: "Take me out and show me where O is. Then I will know it like Y. If you don't show me where it is I won't ever, ever know it."

> "Oh," said his grandfather, "there is no O. You could not cross an O; it would be impossible. You can only cross a Y."

Of course no one would know what was except one in Switzerland that is somewhat meant by such talk except the people who live in that city called Zanesville; for there they each town had started to build a bridge out never speak of a bridge at all, but call it "the to the others, and all three bridges had met in Y." Every day you can hear them talk of the middle of the river. Each part of the crossing the Y. And if you want to know

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12 of what else the little boy meant, I will have to tell you how he learned Y.

One day, when he was playing in the garden, he thought he would go out of the gate and see the world all by himself. So he went out of the garden and ran away to see everybody and everything. For a while he went along black cinder-paths that looked as if they were set with precious stones, sparkling green and yellow in the sunlight.

When he had walked a while longer he crossed a little stone bridge over a stream that is called a "run." Here he saw a yard all full of big frames with panes of glue in them, like the glass in a picture. There were wires stretched across to hold the glue while it dried in the sun and got ready to stick things together.

"Oh," said Dug, "when I am big I am going to learn to make glue. Then I can look "Oh," said the boy, "some day, when I am through it, and everything will be yellow."



Photograph by Lanck Bros., Copyright, 1900.

THE OLD "Y" BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

not in a hurry, I am going to gather up all the fine stones and be rich." But it was only pieces of glass, for the cinders had been used to melt glass in the place where they made all

Then he went along brick sidewalks for a while and passed a big osier-field. That is what a basket-maker calls his field of willow. There was a man cutting down the willow and weaving it into baskets.

Next he came to a pottery, and he stopped to look in the door. The potter had a little round table, and the top of it spun round and round like a wheel. He would put a piece of gray clay in the middle of it, and as it whirled he would hold the ends of his fingers against the clay so that it grew right up into a twogallon jar. While the clay whirled he would hold one hand inside and the other outside to guide it, and before you would have time to "Oh," said Dug, when he saw that, "some think about it the clay would be a jar. Dug day, when I am big, I am going to be a basket- was very much interested in that, so he stood maker and have a big field of pussy-willows." and watched the potter. The potter put anat

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other piece of clay in the middle of his whirling table, and this time it started to rise up like a jar again; but before it was all the way up it began to bend in at the top, and it got smaller and smaller until there was only a little hole at the top. The potter rolled a little piece of clay and stuck it on for a handle. And that was a jug. The potter had been holding one hand inside and the other hand outside. the same as when he made a jar. And now Dug was greatly puzzled. He could not see how the potter ever got his hand out of such a little hole. But he did not ask how it was: he just stood and wondered. And yet it was very simple, and the potter would have told him if he had asked. You see, he took his hand out before the hole was so small, and after that he kept only his finger inside until the jug was done. While Dug stood wondering with his mouth open, he leaned his hand on a jug that had just been made. He had pushed the jug down itside of itself and bent it all up; for it was soft clay that had not been baked in the fire. Dug jerked his hand away just as the potter saw him. The potter only smiled. He rolled the jug up in a ball and put it on his table again and spun it. This time it did not grow up into a jug at all; it was a crock. Now Dug was pleased more than ever to see a jug made into a crock. And so when the potter was making another, Dug pushed three jugs down inside of themselves and bent two crocks all out of shape. Then he told the potter to do it again. But now the potter did not smile.

"Get out of here, you young rascal!" he shouted; and he raised his hand and looked so angry that Dug ran. Dug was sorry to go, for he wanted to watch the men making vases for the mantel and painting flowers on them. He stopped a moment, though, to look at the brick oven where the crockery was baked. It was a big oven like a haystack, with flames coming out of the top. But while he was looking at it the potter came to the door and threw a piece of clay at him, so Dug ran again.

"Oh," said Dug, when he had got a safe distance away, "when I am big I guess I will be a potter and spin mud like a top."

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When Dug had gone a short distance up another street he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and started to take off his shoes. But a strange man stopped and said, "Hey, you! Put those shoes on again."

"W'y?" asked Dug; for, you see, he could

not say some words plainly.

"You keep them on, or you 'll find out why," said the man; and he went away. So Dug did not dare to take them off.

He kept on till he came to an old dark building, and here he saw a man, with a long iron pipe in his mouth, blowing bubbles of melted glass. While he blew he would swing the long iron pipe back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. And the iron pipe was so long, and the red-hot bubble hung down so far, that the man had to swing it in a hole dug in the ground. There were a great many men, all doing it the same. And once in a while one of them would swing his bubble clear up over his head like a red balloon, and when it came round in a circle he would swing it back and forth in the hole again.

Dug went in and watched how one of the men did it. The glass-blower put the end of his iron pipe into a blazing furnace and got some melted glass on it, like taffy on a stick. Then he swung it in the pit and circled it over his head; and all the time he kept his mouth at the other end of the pipe and blew and blew until it was such a big bubble you would think it would burst. This man was blowing a bubble bigger than Dug himself. When it was big enough he laid it on a table, where he let it flatten out and cool off. And then it was a big pane of window-glass ready to be put into a house. Dug stood a long time with his eyes wide open, and watched the men blowing and swinging and swaying with their bubbles. And some were making window-panes, and some fish-globes, and some bottles big and

"When I am a man I am going to be a glass-blower," said Dug, as he walked along. "Then I won't do anything but blow red-hot bubbles."

At the corner of the building was a man cutting the window-glass square; and he worked in a great hurry, scratching it across

kept jingling into a box on the sidewalk. When Dug saw all the broken glass around he was glad he kept on his shoes. He hurried away, for fear he might cut his feet, anyhow.

He followed a crooked road that ran up-hill to where a little railroad ran into the earth



"HE WAS VERY MUCH INTERESTED, SO HE STOOD AND

through a black hole. While Dug was looking at it and wondering whether he had better go in, a big yellow dog came up out of the hole, pulling a little car full of coal, with a harness on him like a horse. And then a man came out, pushing the car to help the dog along; and the man stooped over as he pushed, for the hole was not big enough for him to stand up in. The dog stopped to rest as he came out into the daylight, and hung his tongue out of his mouth and panted for breath. When the dog saw Dug he wagged his tail and shook himself, rattling his harness and showing in every way that he wanted to make friends with a boy.

"Will the dog bite?" said Dug to the coalminer. The miner's face was all black with the coal that he had been digging, but in spite of that he looked pleased when he smiled. His hat had a little tin lamp hung on the front

and breaking off the pieces so fast that they of it, and the lamp burned with a yellow flame in the daylight. The miner took off his hat and fixed the wick so that it burned better, and then he put it on his head again.

> "No, the dog won't bite," he answered. "You can pat him on the head."

> The miner patted Dug on the head, and Dug patted the dog on the head; and the dog wagged his tail and was very glad to meet Dug. He would have liked to go and play with him.

"Why do you hang your little lamp on your hat?" he asked the miner. And the miner answered, "When I am down in the dark coalmine I have to crawl along and use both hands to knock off pieces of coal. I hang my lamp over my eyes so that it will shine wherever I am looking."

When the coal was unloaded the miner got into the car and lay down, and then the dog had to take him into the mine again. And as soon as the car went into the mouth of the mine it filled the little hole, and Dug could not see the dog any more.

"Oh," said Dug as he went on, "when I am a man I am going to be a miner and drive a big yellow dog inside of the earth."

And just as he said that whom did he see standing before him but his grandfather!

"Hello, grandpa!" said Dug. "What are you doing away out here?"

"I have just run away from home," said his grandfather. "You had better come with me, and we will run away together." So Dug gave his grandfather his hand, and they strolled along and enjoyed the fine weather.

"Are we going to see some of my uncles and aunts?" asked Dug.

"No," said his grandfather. "We are going walking for a while; and then we are going crawling."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Dug. And he let go of his grandfather so that he could clap his hands. "Grandpa," he said, "let 's go crawling now."

"No," said his grandfather; "it is n't time yet. But after a while you will come to a place where you can learn Y. I will show you where Y is."

After a time they came to a road that ran

Dug thought it was named after him, and his bridge. grandfather did not tell him any different.

When they had gone quite a distance up the road they turned off and went up the grassy hillside where it was very steep. And after a while it was so straight up that they had to crawl. Dug crawled ahead between his grandfather's arms.

"Oh. I would like to roll down this hill," said Dug.

"Don't you try it," said his grandfather. " If you did you would strike the road so hard that you would go clear into the river."

The hill kept getting smaller toward the top, and it ended in a round grassy where they place could sit and see the whole country below. It was the first time Dug had seen the city he lived in. Before that he had seen only a part at a time. But there it was, all three of it, and the two

blue Muskingum hurrying between its green hills, and the lazy Licking shining in the sun, and all the hills showing in the distance at

His grandfather called Dug to his side and pointed below. "Now you can see Y." he said. "There it is-down there."

along the side of a hill. It was a very steep as a river is wide and almost as black as if it had road, but a horse could take a wagon up if he been printed on the world. The Y had dark pulled hard. And it was called the Dug Road shingles on top, and there were windows all because it had been dug out of the hillside. along the sides of it. It was the big Y

Dug's grandfather took a paper out of his



DUGALD WATCHING THE GLASS-BLOWERS.

rivers going ever so far away. There was the pocket and pointed to a printed Y, saying, "What letter is this, now?"

"It is a bridge," said Dug.

"No," said his grandfather; "it is a Y." But Dug thought it was more like a bridge, and so he kept saying it. At that his grandfather stood up and took a deep, long breath, and called out, "Y," in a loud voice. He was calling Dug looked below and saw a big Y as long to a high hill far away across the Muskingum.

And the next moment the hill called back, "Y," short and quick. It was the echo. "You see," said his grandfather, "the hill has learned Y already." Then Dug stood up and called out, "Y"; and each time he called the hill answered back as quick as cracking a whip. "How does the hill do it?" Dug asked.

"It is your own voice coming back," said his grandfather. "It goes away over the river and bounces back from the side of the hill like a rubber ball."

"Oh," exclaimed Dug, "I wish I had a



"HIS GRANDFATHER CALLED HIM TO HIS SIDE AND POINTED BELOW."

rubber ball. It would be nicer than bouncing my voice."

But he kept calling and looking. And so, with the bridge showing it to him, and the high hill telling it to him it was not long till he had learned Y. And when he had learned it so that he could call it by the right name when he saw it on paper, they sat down again. For a while they watched the river flowing along below, and the white clouds above flowing in the other direction. The clouds were taking the water back where it would rain down and go into the river again. And that is the reason a river never runs empty.

· When they had sat a while longer the old a horse."

man began talking to himself, saying, "It was a long, long road. And it was a weary, weary journey. And now the old bridge is seventy years old and they are going to take it down."

Dug did not know what his grandfather was talking about; for sometimes the old man did not seem to care whether the boy understood him or not. He was talking about the wonderful road that runs over the bridge. It is so long that it runs across six States; and the government made it for people to come West on in the days when there were no railroads or locomotives. The government calls it the Cumberland Road, and some folks call it the National Road because it belonged to the nation. But most people just call it the Pike. If you live in Maryland or Pennsylvania or West Virginia or Ohio or Indiana or Illinois, maybe you have seen it and have traveled on it yourself. In those days before there were railroads almost everybody traveled on it, some with oxen and some with horses and some with mules. There were big wagons hauling freight from city to city, and United States mail-coaches dashing along with bags full of letters and passengers with tickets in their pockets. In those days people who traveled came through the Y, and it was a very busy bridge, with the United States mail rumbling through its long halls, and droves of cattle and sheep and pigs bawling and baaing and squealing as they went in a crowd across its big room in the middle. I dare say that they often made more noise than both the mill-dams together. In those days the animals did not ride on cattle-cars, but had to walk. And whenever you came to a toll-gate you had to give the toll-master money before he would lift the gate and let you through. That was to pay for wearing out the road. a different price for everything that went through, according to how much the wheels and hoofs of the different carriages and animals spoiled the road.

Dug's grandfather got to thinking of old times, and so he said to himself, "Three cents for a horse, and three cents for a man, and five cents for twenty sheep or pigs, and ten cents for twenty cows, and four cents for a man on a horse."

"I am talking about the Pike," said his grandfather, in answer to Dug's question.

"Where does it go to?" asked Dug.

"It goes farther away than you can think. But you will know when you are big enough, for then you can think farther. It goes away down East. And then there is another road, and you can go clear to New York on the Pike."

"Some day I will go," said Dug. "I would like to go to New York on the Pike."

But now they had to go home for dinner. Dug crawled down backward for a while, and when he came to a safe place he rolled for a while, and then he ran for a while. And when he was down to the road he walked. As they went along toward home the old man tried to teach Dug all about O. But Dug found it hard to learn that. So when they came to a pottery again they went in. His grandfather took some of the gray clay and rolled it out like a short, fat snake. Then he made a circle of it and fastened the ends together.

"Put that in the oven and bake it with the dinner and show me an O bridge." crockery," he said to the potter. "Some day we will call for it. I want to give it to Dug, so that he will know it." Then they hurried away home, without stopping to look at anything else.

And this is only a little of what I could tell you about this place. The queerest thing

about it is that the people are always digging up the ground and sending it away to other towns. They dig up clay to make bricks; and a different kind to make crocks and jars and vases for the mantel; and sand to make glass and to mold iron; and limestone to make plaster and whitewash; and sandstone for buildings. And so most of the tile floors you see, and many of the vases on the mantels, are just pieces of Zanesville; and there are whole buildings in other cities that have come over the Y bridge-in loads of brick, of course. Dug's uncle was taking down a hill. He had shoveled away a vineyard and sent about half the hill away on the cars to places where they needed the stone. I do not know what will become of that town if they keep on doing it. Maybe they will dig the town from under themselves; and then there will be nothing but the Y bridge, and no people to go across it.

As they finally went into the garden gate Dug said, "Grandfather, take me out after

"That would be impossible," said his grandfather. "Nobody could cross an O. You could only go round and round on it."

"Oh," said Dug, -for he was always saying, "Oh,"-"I would like to go round and round on an O bridge." I will tell you next month how little Dug learned O.

PLEASE.

By STELLA GEORGE STERN.

Ir a baker baked a bun, And put a big plum in it, Who, do you think, would get it with ease,-The child that whined and pouted, The child that grabbed and shouted? Oh, no, not one of these, Not these it can't be doubted. If a baker baked a bun, And put a big plum in it, It seems to me that the child that said, "Please," Would get it in a minute.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY PURCHASED JUSTICE FOR THE SCHOOL.

THE bell on the old schoolhouse was sending shrill whistle to attract the man's attention. forth its final summons for the morning session, warning the more deliberate ones that within two minutes more they must all be in their seats or a much dreaded "tardy mark" would be charged against the conduct account of each, and as usual "Pinkey" Perkins and "Bunny" Morris were among the last of those who had gathered up their marbles and started for the schoolhouse.

As they, with a few other stragglers, passed around the corner of the schoolhouse and started up the stone steps which led to the hall door, something caught Pinkey's eye and he stopped short.

"Gee, fellers," he exclaimed, pointing toward the road which ran past the schoolhouse yard, "lookee comin' down the street."

Bunny and the others looked in the direction Pinkey had pointed and what they saw surprised them as much as it had Pinkey. There in the middle of the road, slowly plodding along in the dust, was a tired-looking man, evidently a foreigner, bending under the weight of a large hand-organ and leading an equally tired and very inoffensive-looking bear. Perched upon bruin's shaggy, docile back, and looking jauntily about him, was a gaudily dressed monkey.

"Wish 't we had time to hear 'im play," said Bunny regretfully; "has n't been one o' those shows around here for more 'n a year now."

"I know what I 'm goin' to do," observed Pinkey as a bright idea struck him, " I'm going to motion to him to come over into the yard and play, and 'f he does, then maybe we can see 'em out of the window."

Those about seemed to think that this would be a good move, and Pinkey at once placed his two forefingers in his mouth, and uttered a

When he saw that his effort had been successful, Pinkey beckoned to the musician to come over into the yard, and then made motions as though he were turning a crank.

While this performance had been going on, the other boys had all entered the schoolhouse, fearing they would be late, and without being able to tell whether or not his invitation had been accepted, Pinkey had barely time enough to rush madly into the hall, hang his cap on its hook and reach his seat in the schoolroom before "Red Feather," the teacher, tinkled her little desk bell to announce that school had "taken up." Several of the pupils had seen the wandering trio from the windows and had barely torn themselves away in time to reach their seats as Pinkey did.

" Children," announced Red severely, "all those who did not go promptly to their seats when the bell started to ring will have five taken from their conduct mark on this month's report card."

When the opening exercises began, all those who knew of Pinkey's attempt to entice the man into the schoolhouse yard were on the alert for any indications that his efforts had been successful. They listened in vain for several minutes, and then, just as the singing was about over, their keen ears caught the sound of a few stray notes from the handorgan, which told them that the invitation had been accepted.

Suddenly, the music broke forth and the pupils without exception craned their necks in vain endeavor to get a glimpse of the serenaders, but the height of the windows above the ground and the distance of the desks from the windows, made it impossible to see anything.

Red Feather was on her feet in an instant,

and lost no time in reaching the nearest win- tones: "Go away from here! Begone, I say! commotion.

were so overcome by their desire to see the antics of monkey and bear that they could not forcible removal. keep their seats, and before they realized what and were trying to see into the yard.

"THEY HAD RISEN TO THEIR FEET AND WERE TRYING TO SEE INTO THE YARD,"

turned from the window, "sit down."

name.

After a brief, stern survey of her flock, Red Feather continued: "Any pupil in this room whom I see trying to look out of the windows may proceed with your lessons." Then raising children were enjoying. the window, and leaning as far out as she

dow to see what was the meaning of such a Leave this yard at once; you disturb my school. If you do not leave at once, I shall Pinkey and Bunny and two or three others have you taken away." She did not say upon whom would fall the burden of effecting the

There is not much doubt that the musician they were doing, they had risen to their feet would have obeyed Red Feather's commands, and withdrawn at once, had he not noticed in-

dications in the windows of the other rooms on that side of the building that his presence was looked upon with more or less favor. The other teachers, realizing how interesting such exhibitions are to children when they occur so infrequently, and that it would be useless to expect them to apply themselves to their studies at such a time. granted their pupils permission to go to the windows and watch the performance. Also, they were not so far out of touch with the delights of childhood but that they would get some enjoyment out of watching it themselves.

When Red Feather saw what was being

"Pinkerton," shouted Red Feather, as she done in the other rooms, she brought down the window with a bang and walked savagely back to Pinkey dropped into his seat as though he her desk. She could not understand how some had been shot, and the others did likewise teachers could conduct school successfully and before Red Feather could speak to them by at the same time be so lax in their discipline.

From the shouts of delight which came faintly through the windows to the ears of Red Feather's pupils, it was evident to them that they were being robbed by pure selfishness of a pleasure will be punished and punished severely. You to which they were entitled and which the other

Once, during a particularly loud burst of apsafely could, she commanded in her sternest plause, a few of the unfortunates so far forgot curiosity to get the better of them, and unconsciously to turn their heads toward the windows, hoping possibly to catch a glimpse of what was causing so much mirth in the other rooms.

A harsh rapping by Red Feather on her desk with her hardwood ruler brought them to their senses again, and they were forced to turn their eyes to books and slates, though any endeavor to keep their minds there was useless.

Presently the noise subsided and the customary quiet prevailed throughout the building, but the disappointment caused by Red Feather's act kept her pupils from serious study.

When recess time came, Red Feather read the names of those she had seen violate her instructions, and these, in addition to the ones who had stood up when the music began, were condemned to forfeit their playtime and to remain in their seats and copy a page of Thanatopsis from their McGuffey's Reader.

Three of the unlucky ones were girls, and of these three, one was Hattie Warren, Pinkey's Affinity, the girl who had held his affection longer and more constantly than all other girls put together. Being kept in was nothing new to Pinkey, and he did not mind it much, for he considered that such things merely contributed their part to make up the drudgery of school life as a whole. But when he saw the tears spring to his Affinity's eyes, it made him boil to think that she should be made to suffer a penalty which seemed to her so severe, for such a little thing. It also hurt him not a little to think that it was he who had unconsciously brought to her the disgrace she felt.

As school was dismissed at noon, Pinkey improved the opportunity to whisper a few words of apology into his Affinity's ear as the pupils were getting their hats.

"It was my fault you got kept in at recess," he said, a little confused, "and I wish now I had let the man and his old bear go on down town. Red Feather had no business keeping you in even if you did look out o' the window -or the other girls, either." This last phrase was evidently an afterthought, and only served to emphasize his real regrets in the matter.

"I don't blame you for it, Pinkey," murmured his Affinity with a look square in the eye which

Red Feather's severe injunction as to allow their told him he had been pardoned before being accused. "Red Feather was just afraid we 'd see something we would like. I never did see a bear and a monkey perform and I wanted to awful bad."

> The pupils of the other rooms were not in the least backward about telling those in Red Feather's room what they had seen, nor in using their fertile imaginations to make their accounts of the performance all the more entertaining to the envious ones.

"And would you believe it," boasted one little girl who had seen the whole performance, "the monkey actually climbed up to the window where I was, and held out a little tin cup to me, and when I put a penny in it he took off his little hat and made me the prettiest bow you ever saw."

"Yes, an' you just ought to ha' seen the bear dance and march to the music," bragged one of the boys in an aggravating tone. "I tell you that bear 's got sense, if any bear ever had."

The more Pinkey heard of what the others had seen, the more furious he became when he thought that he and those whom he had especially desired should see the show were the only ones who had been deprived of it.

As the noisy crowd of boys and girls left the schoolhouse and separated into groups, each bound for a different part of town, and as these groups grew smaller as the different individuals reached their homes, or nearby corners, all kept a vigilant watch for some sign of the man with the trained animals and the handorgan, but not a glimpse did they catch of them anywhere along the way.

At dinner, Pinkey told his father and mother about seeing the man and his animals, and about their coming into the schoolhouse yard to play and perform for the pupils, and of how the pupils in the other rooms of the lower grades had been permitted to witness the show and how Red Feather had forbidden any of her pupils even to look out of the windows. He also told how he and several others had been kept in all during recess for trying to look before they thought of Red Feather's warning.

"That must be the chap I saw going down the alley by the livery stable as I came home,"

thoughts from the subject of his teacher, "he sible. was leading a bear that had on a big leather bear's back."

said Mr. Perkins, endeavoring to draw his son's look up the interesting trio as soon as pos-

As ne was leaving the house, a new idea muzzle, and the monkey was riding on the came to him which it seemed queer he had not thought of before. When he stopped to con-"That's the feller," exclaimed Pinkey eagerly. sider its full meaning, it seemed to solve com-



"AFTER MUCH EXPLAINING ON PINKEY'S PART A BARGAIN WAS FINALLY MADE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"None of the three seemed to be much for looks," commented Mr. Perkins, "and I was pretty close to them."

Pinkey's point of view and that of his father were entirely different ones, however, and Pinkey, realizing this, did not argue the question. He just calmly made up his mind to finish his dinner as soon as he could and to

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"Gee, I wish 't I 'd had a chance to see 'em pletely the entire problem which had been bothering him since recess time. Rushing back into the house and going upstairs to his own room, he procured two bright silver quarters which he had hoarded there, the proceeds from the sale of some of his scroll-saw productions, and with these in his pocket he set off at a pace decidedly unhealthy so soon after dinner, with the avowed intention of finding his foreign party without a minute's loss of time.

The way by the sidewalk was too roundabout for him and he headed for his destination cross-lots. After having safely crossed two back yards and three vegetable gardens, all of which were off limits for boys of his age, he climbed the high board fence which bordered the alley on one side, and as he vaulted over the top and landed in the grass beside the fence, he found that he had interrupted those he was seeking while at their dinner, and that he had barely missed landing in a bucketful of bran



"GO AWAY, YOU HORRID LITTLE BEAST, SHE CRIED."

and water which the bear was devouring to the best of his ability, considering his muzzle.

Pinkey was surprised and just a trifle unnerved at his sudden discovery and instinctively moved away from the group. But the Italian, for such he was, assured him, between huge mouthfuls of bread and cheese, which both he and the monkey were devouring ravenously, that there was no danger.

Pinkey came up, a little timidly at first, and to his delight the monkey signified a desire to make friends by climbing up on his shoulder and sitting there, all the while munching the bread with which the pouches under his cheeks were bulging. After actually touching the big, sleepy looking bear and viewing him from all sides, Pinkey decided that his curiosity had been sufficiently gratified, and he proceeded with the plan he had formulated since leaving the house after dinner.

The Italian seemed to be an amiable individual, and one who would obviously be agreeable to anything which would better his own financial status. Thus assured by appearances, Pinkey unfolded to the man his scheme, whereby he hoped to purchase justice for the school and at the same time administer to Red Feather an effective rebuke for her highhanded actions that morning.

After much explaining on Pinkey's part and many expressive gestures on the part of both a bargain was finally made which, if its terms were carried out, promised a satisfactory ending for both parties.

As Pinkey entered the schoolhouse that afternoon, he felt his heart beating harder with suppressed excitement than it had for a long time. Not since the affair of the mice had he been so anxious as to the outcome of any of his plans.

While the recitation of the "B" class in grammar was in progress, Pinkey wrote and managed to pass to his Affinity a note. It was very short and its meaning was a mystery to her, containing as it did only these words: "Don't get scared. They won't hurt you." She looked at Pinkey in a wondering sort of way and vaguely shook her head to indicate her perplexity. But the main object of the note had been accomplished, for now Pinkey knew that whatever did happen, she would know that the responsibility for it lay with him.

Shortly after the note had reached his Affinity, Pinkey's heart was set all a-flutter again, as sounds reached his ears which told him events were about to begin. Heavy footsteps in the hall, and the rattling of a chain drew everyone's attention to the partially open door, and before anyone could account for the strange sounds, the door was flung wide open and a gaily dressed monkey scampered across the floor, climbed up one of the legs of Red Feather's desk and sat grinning and blinking at the row of pupils in front of him.

bread with which the pouches under his cheeks
were bulging. After actually touching the and she almost went with it. With a highbig, sleepy looking bear and viewing him from keyed shriek of fear, she retreated in undignified

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haste to the far end of the platform, where in open-eyed surprise she gazed dumbly at the scene before her.

There in the doorway, holding to the bear's chain with one hand and supporting the handorgan with the other, stood the swarthy Italian, grinning from one ringed ear to the other at the consternation his visit had caused. Those pupils seated near the door and those who were standing at recitation left their places in a panic and retired to the opposite side of the room. Shouts of laughter went up on all sides as the monkey turned to Red Feather and doffed his little feather-ornamented cap to her.

Before Red Feather had sufficiently recovered herself to assume command of the situation, the Italian spoke up and endeavored to quiet the fears of those in his audience who seemed to be of uncertain courage.

"Ze monk, he ver' tame," he assured them. "Ze bear, he got no teet'. He like ze boy an' ze girl, you joost wait a minute an' I make him danz while I play ze tune."

"Begone," shricked Red Feather, starting toward the door. "I'll have you arrested." But she fled to her corner again in hot haste as the monkey left the desk and scampered toward her, with a look of roguish delight on his wrinkled face.

"Go away, you horrid little beast," she cried, backing into her corner again and defending herself with a pointer against the agile advances of the grotesque, impishly dressed animal.

Meanwhile, the school-room had lost all semblance of order, and the boys and girls were shrieking with laughter in spite of what they knew the consequences must be.

Apparently ignoring Red Feather and her futile efforts to gain a hearing, the Italian swung his hand-organ into position and began grinding out the familiar strains of "White Wings," while the bear sat up on his haunches, and, at a signal from his master, began slowly turning his huge, shaggy bulk round and round in a supposed imitation of waltzing.

This performance delighted the pupils, who quieted down and really became interested whole attention.

Red Feather had apparently abandoned her words of command to the monkey and the

resolution immediately to eject the unwelcome visitors, and with rage and dismay written on her face, she stood trembling in her corner, compelled to witness the whole exhibition.

With another shrill squeal at Red Feather, for whom even he seemed to have formed a sudden dislike, the monkey ran to his master, took from one of his coat pockets a small tin cup and began a canvass of the pupils, evidently begging for money. Red Feather, thinking to seize this opportunity to call for assistance, started on tiptoe for a window, the Italian and his bear barring the way to the door. But the monkey had apparently taken it upon himself to confine Red Feather to the corner whither she had at first retreated. By leaps and bounds, he went from desk to desk, heading her off near the end of the long aisle, and by pursuing his former aggressive tactics, he soon had her turned about and in full flight for her platform

"Leave this room at once," shouted Red Feather frantically, shaking her pointer at the figure in the doorway. "I'll have you in jail if you don't."

"You gi' me twent' fi' cents, I go 'way quick," was the complacent reply. The mention of the word "jail" seemed to have had a telling effect.

Red Feather saw no easier way out of her predicament than to accede to the demand made upon her, so she began fumbling nervously in her skirt pocket, anxious to be rid of the in-Finally she drew forth a well-worn truders. pocketbook, from which with trembling fingers she extracted the necessary amount and started for the door to pay the price of her deliverance.

But the monkey was on hand again and refused to allow her to stir from the spot. At a word from his master the little beast extended his tin cup toward Red Feather and in the most impudent way imaginable he removed his little skull cap and made a most elaborate bow as she dropped into it the coins. Then proudly bearing the cup in one of his hands, he turned and joined his master in the doorway.

When the money had been taken from the in the bear's antics, which now claimed their cup and duly counted, the Italian bowed his thanks to Red Feather, said a few unintelligible bear, and started for the hall door. As the bear turned clumsily about and began his shuffling exit, the monkey sprang lightly upon his back, and with another sweeping bow to the children, he rode into the hall with an air of mock dignity and disappeared from view.

When the closing of the outside door announced the departure of the unexpected visitors, Red Feather commanded her pupils to return to their seats and resume their work. She recalled the class which had been reciting and endeavored to take up the tangled thread of the afternoon's work.

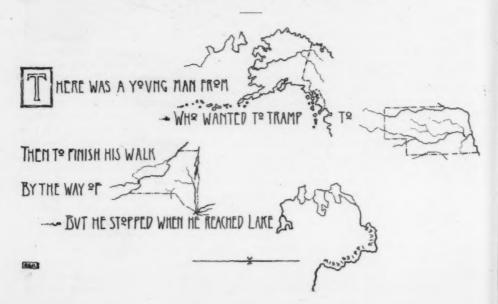
Under cover of his geography, Pinkey watched Red Feather's every move and expression. He prided himself that from long experience with her varying moods he would soon be able to tell whether she intended to accept the situation as gracefully as possible and to ignore the interruption, or whether she intended as soon as possible to investigate matters.

When at last it appeared certain that she intended to pursue the former course, a great weight seemed lifted from Pinkey's mind. Red Feather had evidently decided to assume that the visit had been made voluntarily, and therefore to consider the incident closed.

Presently Pinkey gave one triumphant sidewise glance at Bunny and received in return an appreciative wink which told him that again his generalship had won his chum's unqualified approval.

But his reward was not yet complete. After another survey of Red Feather's stern features, to make sure she was not looking, Pinkey slowly turned his eyes toward his Affinity. As he did so, she dropped her eyes quickly to her book and blushed, but from the contented smile which lurked about her mouth, Pinkey knew that she felt Red Feather's injustice had been thoroughly avenged, so with a sigh of complete satisfaction he turned to his neglected lesson.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JINGLE.



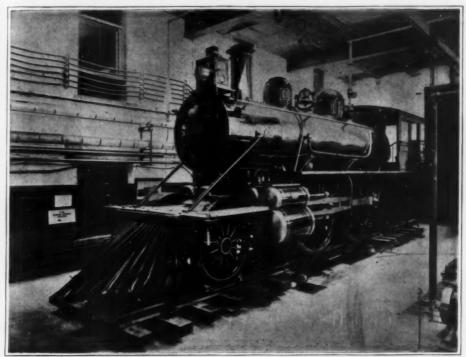
A LOCOMOTIVE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

to the library of Columbia University we hero in his story entitled "0,007." pass round to the left of the great library and Here is a locomotive turned schoolmaster. ing. We find here lecture-rooms, laboratories, learn how to run them by trying to do it. These

FROM the foot of the grand stairs leading up -just such a grand fellow as Kipling's engine-

come to the entrance of the School of Engineer- When locomotives were first used men had to



THE LOCOMOTIVE IN THE ENGINEERING LABORATORY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

enter a fine, large shop, and there, on its track, and be a schoolmaster at the same time. stands a passenger locomotive, the Columbia

drawing-rooms, and museums; and in connec- first men taught others, and this has been the tion with these school departments is a pattern- plan up to to-day. Even now the common way shop, a forge and machine-shop-in fact, every- is for a boy to work up from train-boy and thing a young man needs in learning to be a brakeman to fireman and engineer. Here is first-class engineer. We go downstairs and an engine that will "run" and yet stand still-

We walk round the grand old fellow and

stand before the great driving-wheels. Here while fifty more can learn much of the lesson we are at the edge of a deep pit in the floor. In it we see a pair of massive wheels supported on great timbers. Each wheel is exactly under and rests against one of the great "drivers," and, when the drivers move, the wheels in the pit move, too, and in this way the engine can move its wheels and yet stand perfectly still. To give perfect security the front wheels of the engine are blocked up, as can be seen in the picture.

By this device it is possible to have an engine "run" at full speed while we sit beside the track and see just how it works. On the road the engine flies along so quickly that it is impossible to see anything, still less learn anything. Think what an immense advantage we have in this school of the locomotive! Here in this quiet, comfortable room we can walk all about the great machine, learn the name and use of every part, and actually see how it works. We can even see how it works when going up a steep grade or when dragging a light load or a heavy load, running empty or with a long train. By putting a brake on the wheels in the pit they will resist the big driving-wheels and make the whole engine work harder, precisely as if going up a grade. By the use of another appliance, called a dynamometer, we can also ascertain just how much power the machine is putting out under different steam-pressures and different loads. All this would be very difficult on the road, and the passengers might object to any experiments that would prevent the train from running on time.

The assistant teacher in this school of the locomotive climbs into the cab with several students while a part of the class are studying the action of the pistons in the steam-cylin-Others can study steam-making, the work of the running-gear, or the wheels. One boy can study oiling, while another is studying the use of the air-brake. Again a boy may flag the train to see if the boy at the lever knows the rules of the road. A dozen boys forty miles an hour in perfect ease and safety, staff of a great university.

by looking on and listening to the explanations of the teacher.

A locomotive is a grand, scientific tool used in a certain way for a certain end. An engineer uses this splendid tool in a scientific way, and he must be himself a man of science. It is not enough to know how to "stop her," or "start her," or run "on time," according to the rules of the road. He must know his engine; know every part; how it is made and used. He should be able to make complete workingdrawings of the whole machine, from the headlight to the draw-bar. He must know how the steam behaves inside that cylinder and must be able to take the cylinder apart and put it together again. He must know how every part is made and be able instantly to decide when the engine works badly and why, and be able, as far as possible, to cure its little ills and disorders. He must know it all: must be fireman, machinist, railroad-man, engineer, and man of science. He must have strong, calm nerves, and must never get confused, or "lose his head," or make mistakes. A hundred lives may depend on his knowledge and skill.

The men who build locomotives in the great shops at Philadelphia see that this is the way to teach. So they made this splendid engine a gift to the university, that in its cab young men and boys can have a better chance to learn to be engineers than did their fathers, who picked up their education on the road.

No more will the Columbia make her sixtymiles an hour. Never again will her headlight gleam on the polished rails. Her whistle will never startle the echoes in the mountains or wake the sleepy towns along the river. She is here at rest, and will never go out again along the line. She is here to teach—and to teach is the greatest thing any man or machine can do. Perhaps the captive engine misses the road, and dreams of the lights and signals beside the way, and longs to fly along the track. Or perhaps Columbia knows she is at can thus study an engine turning its wheels at school, and is really and truly a teacher on the



SO VERY EASY!

the duckling: "come on, chickey, are you afraid you can't swim? nonsense! Jump right in. it's the easiest thing in the world."

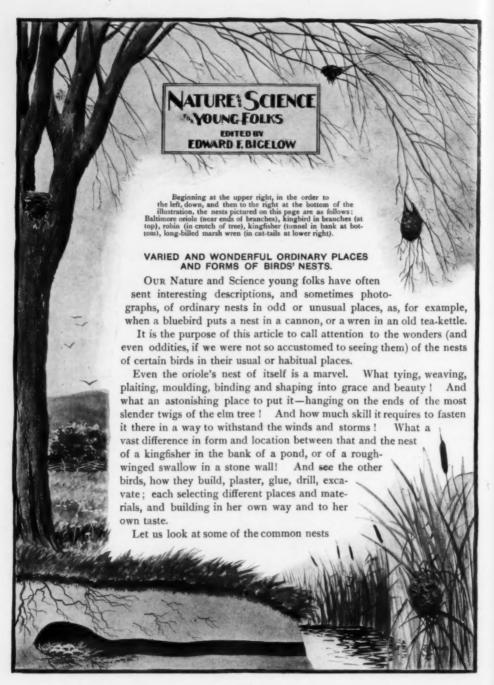


MRS. WHITEMOUSE: "DEAR ME, "CALLERS" DID YOU SAY? I DO HOPE THEY WILL LIKE MY NEW CAP."

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find that the ordinary work of some of the barn, the nest being curiously shaped of mud builders and their locations are no less wonderful than the "curiosities" which we sometimes come across.

What a variety of ways and means there is! Let us again look at the fairy-like cradle which the Baltimore oriole or hang-nest has woven with cord and horse hair, and tied at the end of a drooping bough-a cradle in which the baby orioles were rocked to sleep by gentle summer breezes. Placed beside this, the rude platform of coarse twigs and stems which the cuckoo throws together for her eggs and young seems hardly a bird's nest at all. The kingfisher's nest is a bed of fish bones at the end of a burrow in a sand bank. Think of the toil of this bird in digging a tunnel six or eight feet long. If we did all that digging and then hollowed out, as the kingfisher does, a good-sized room at the end of it, I think we



THE NEST OF A ROUGH-WINGED SWALLOW. It is frequently, but not always, in a stone wall.

should want it furnished with something more comfortable than a bed of sharp fish bones!

The killdeer plover gives herself much less trouble by simply scooping out a handful of sand for her eggs, while the night hawk makes no nest but lays her two eggs on a flat rock.

The osprey's nest is a cart-load of driftwood and all sorts of articles like bones and ropes; the humming bird's is a tiny, dainty bit of soft felt covered with lichens. Between these there are nests of all sizes, some made of basket work. others in masonry, carpentry and felting. The nests of chimney swifts are shelves glued to walls and chimneys; the bank swallow burrows in the sand; the rough-winged swallow often builds in a stone wall; the cliff swallow,

in their usual but unique places, and we shall on the face of a cliff or under the eaves of a



THE NEST OF A CLIFF SWALLOW. Made of mud, in the shape of a chemist's retort.

like a chemist's retort; cuckoos' and mourning doves' nests are platforms of sticks in trees or bushes. Orioles' nests are pockets; woodpeckers' are dugouts; the marsh wren's nest is a hollow ball fastened to the reeds; the ovenbird's is in the form of a tiny Eskimo hut or an old-fashioned oven.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of



THE FLOATING NEST OF A PIED-BILLED GREBE.

times moored to the reeds but usually floating can reach even by climbing trees for them. freely on the water.

One of the prettiest of all birds' nests is our common phœbe's. We can find one under nearly every bridge that spans a creek in the country. For Phœbe loves a merry brook with its rustic old bridge, or its rocky sides where she also finds a sheltered ledge for her mossy nest. 'And such a nest! We have a little plant called bird's nest, but it seems hardly more of a plant than does the phœbe's nest seem a kind of moss-plant growing on the side of its mossy rock just above the laughing brook. I have known birds to leave their nests when I had simply come close enough to peep into them. Upon coming again, eagerly expecting to find



THE NEST OF A PHOEBE. About half-way up on the under side of a big rock by the brook.

a happy pair and four or five pretty eggs, it was pitiful to see only a solitary cold egg. Then to look at the beautiful and wonderful little house and think that all that patient work had been done in vain!

But after the young birds have left the nests we need have no fear of annoying the birds even by taking one. Very few birds will use the same nest twice; and of those who would, many must be compelled to build a new one each spring or summer, as the winds of autumn and the snows of winter destroy a large proportion of them. We are not likely to harm close observation will greatly reduce the num-

grebes, but their nests are much alike, some- the birds by collecting all the nests which we



Next to the Baltimore orioles', vireos' nests best withstand the storms, and these are often built in low saplings, within easy reach of a person standing on the ground.

There are many other well preserved nests, such as the robin's, thrush's, waxwing's, shrike's, goldfinch's, song sparrow's (in bushes) and of course all nests in the shelter of buildings or ledges, like the phœbe's, barn swallow's and bank swallow's.

It is not so easy to name nests deserted as when they are in use, when we can depend on the owners and the eggs. We shall find some



THE "NEST" OF A NIGHTHAWK. You cannot "collect" this nest. The two granite-colored eggs are on top of a ledge of rocks.

nests which it will be impossible to name; but

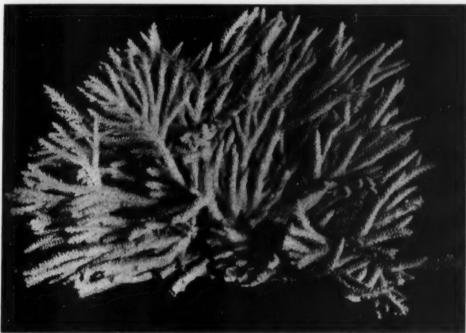
ber of doubtful ones. Egg shells are often to be found in or under a nest, and the merest bit of an egg shell is usually enough for identification. Even whole eggs are sometimes to be found in winter nests, since it is not uncommon for one or two eggs of a set to be ing body resembling a cluster of thorny twigs addled - eggs which do not hatch.

under the lining of vellow warblers' nests, for

ANOTHER PLANT-LIKE SEA ANIMAL.

On page 650 of Nature and Science for May was shown the expanded, flower-like tentacles of a sea anemone.

Here is a photograph of a profusely branchor a mass of shrubbery, but it is really the ex-Now we may search for cowbirds' eggs ternal skeleton and home of coral animals that secrete it. Naturalists, many years ago, supwe know how the cunning warbler covers the posed that coral was a plant, and they were so



THE CORAL KNOWN TO SCIENTISTS AS MADDEPORA CERVICORNIL.

It is interesting and instructive to observe how curiously and skilfully they are made. Nests may be carried and even collected after the young birds have left the nests. What a variety of substances are used! Yet each mud was needed, a wisp of straw where nothing else would do so well; hair, or dry grass, or feathers, pine leaves, or the soft down of a thistle for a lining.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

unwelcome eggs with a new lining to her impressed by its plant-like appearance that they called the formations "blossoms of the gardens of the sea." For a long time they argued about the question, and even the famous botanist Linnaeus would not admit that they were wholly of an animal nature, so he called them (and some other similar forms of life) Zoöphytes, little scrap is in its place-a daub of mud where which word means plant-like animals, or animal-like plants. The specimen that I have photographed is a remarkably good one. You will notice that there are no broken "branches," and that the detail is good even out to the extreme tips of the twigs.

A GIGANTIC JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEREWITH is an illustration of the largest Aroid, both in leaf and flower, of which we have any knowledge. An Aroid is a plant that



OUR COMMON AROID OR 44 INDIAN TURNIP."

(Arisama triphyllum.)

a, flower with spathe turned back;
b, c, two forms of spadix.

is a member of the Arum family. Our familiar "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ("Indian turnip"), is a member of this Arum family. The arrow arum and skunk cabbage are also in this Arum (Araceae) family.

This gigantic Aroid (Godwinia gigas) was described many years ago by Dr. Berthold Seeman in the Journal of Botany. I quote some of his statements regarding this plant:

"This is the largest Aroid, both in leaf and flower, of which we

have any knowledge. It was discovered in January, 1869, near to Javali Mine in the Chontales Mountains of Nicaragua, where it grows in broken ground near rivulets (quebradas) amongst brushwood. I have never seen it in any other part of tropical America, but from information lately received I am led to believe that this, or a plant very much like it, is found in the mountains of neighboring Central American Republics.

"The root stock, with its whorl of roots, turned topsy-turvy, much resembles an old man's head, bald at the top; in the two specimens dug up it was 2 ft., 2 in. in circumference and weighed from 90 to 92 ounces. There are no roots whatever in the lower part of the corm, which is perfectly smooth and white; all are placed in a whorl around the top, and between them many young corms are nestling. The plant has only one leaf at a time, and after that has died off the flower spathe makes its appearance, both being of gigantic The petiole (of the largest specimens dimensions. measured in Nicaragua) is 10 ft. long and 10 lines in circumference, covered with minute spiny projections, and with a metallic beautifully mottled surface, (brimstone yellow, barred and striped with purple), giving it the appearance of a snake standing erect. The blade of the leaf (which is green on both sides) is 3 ft. 8 in. long, so that the whole leaf is 13 ft. 8 in. long (Engl.

measurement). The blade is divided into three primary sections, which are again repeatedly subdivided, the extreme divisions being ovate-acuminate. The peduncle (stem) is 3 ft. long, and 4 in. in circumference, mottled, and with minute spiny projections as the petiole, and furnished towards the base with several large bracts. The flower-spathe is the greatest curiosity, measuring as it does I ft. II in. in length, and I ft. 8 in. in width. It is of a thick, leathery texture; outside of a dark bluish-brown, and inside of a dark brownish-red, with the exception of the base and those parts surrounding the spadix, which are whitish-yellow. The spadix is only 9 in. long, and nine lines across."

When this account of the huge "Jack-in-the Pulpit" was first published in England, it was believed that the statements were untrue or greatly exaggerated. It furnished a subject for articles in humorous papers ridiculing the "so-called discovery." Later, seeds were sent, the plants raised, and the accuracy of the statements proved.



THE GIANT " IACK-IN-THE-PULPIT."

BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" St. Michelan

ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT OF FROGS, TOADS, AND TURTLES.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer my cousin and I went to Bradley Beach to stay two months. We always go there and start collecting turtles and toads. We started with quite a large box in which we had sand and earth with clods of high grass and plants that were small enough to go in the box. The box had the top and part of the sides off and we put mosquito netting around the sides and fishnet over the top. pan in the box and sunk it in the dirt till it was on a level with the dirt. Then we filled it with water so that the turtles would swim. There was some sand in the pan and the turtles would go and hide in the sand. Then we made a hill at one end of the box so the turtles could climb up and take a peek at their native land. We also made caves in the sand for them. We kept tonds too and handled them. Now you may think it is awful to handle toads for you think they will give one warts but they do not. I have handled toads for three years and I have never gotten a wart from a toad or a frog so I ought to know. The toads took possession of the caves or tried to get out. One old toad took to a cave and kept on shoving sand to the entrance of his cave and making a wall of sand as if he was afraid something would come and chase him out. This toad we named the Miser because he wouldn't let any toad come in his house. I will be glad if you can tell me what made him do that.

Tom or Oak as we named him was the first turtle we found that year. When we found him he gave vent to a hiss which he evidently thought would scare us and then shut up. He was the tamest and oldest turtle we ever had for he had a large crack and two holes in his shell and some letters on his under side which we could not make out.

We caught twenty turtles in those two months. This is a true story.

ERIC VALENTINE DISBROW (age 10).

Mealworms (obtained at any bird store) are a favorite food with toads and frogs. The turtles will eat them, too, if they are thrown fully. in the water.

rium is clean - not muddy.

R. L. DITMARS.

FOOD OF JELLYFISHES.

ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen a jellyfish, and I think they are queer things. Please tell me how they ELLIOT MABEE.

Jellyfishes eat small fishes and other smaller



A JELLYFISH.

forms of animal life in the ocean. Sometimes they eat one another. They capture their prey by aid of the tentacles and stinging cells.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE.

601 WELLVILLE AVE., PALO ALTO, CAL. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want very much to know what is the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. Your interested reader, I do not see any at all. ANITA ALLEN (age 9).

It is very difficult to define the word fruit as was explained in the illustrated article "October Fruits," page 1128, "Nature and Science," October, 1903. Please read that article care-

In brief and as a partial definition it may be In keeping a collection like this it is much stated that scientifically the term fruit means better to use coarse (well-washed) gravel, the seed and associated parts. The botanist instead of earth. Then everything in the viva- regards wheat, beanpods, burdock, maple "keys," as much fruits as he does apples and oranges. In popular use, the term fruit is applied only to juicy, edible parts closely associated with the seeds, or the parts where the seeds would be located if there were any, as in seedless fruits like the banana.

The term vegetable has reference to the whole or any part of a plant cultivated especially with reference to use at the table. But the use of the word vegetable does n't always depend upon cooking, for celery is a vegetable and apples are fruit whether eaten raw or cooked.

One would suppose the tomato to be entitled to the term fruit, for the method of its raising resembles that of fruit. But it is usually called vegetable whether eaten raw or cooked, in spite of its appearance. The quince is so fruit-like in appearance—so resembling apples, pears, etc.—that it persists in being called fruit though eaten only when cooked.

Sometimes the vegetable is a bud as with cabbages and brussels sprouts, leaves as spinach, stems above ground as asparagus, stems enlarged (tubers) underground as common potatoes, or roots as sweet potatoes, turnips, beets and carrots.

GALLS ON THE ENDS OF BRANCHES OF THE WILD ROSE.

SOUTH BLUE HILL, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you by this mail a curious growth which I found.

Your young friend,
DOROTHY BALDWIN.



GALLS ON THE ENDS OF BRANCHES OF A WILD ROSE.



"CHERRY" GALLS ON OAK LEAVES.

This is the beautiful rose gall known as *Rhodites bicolor*. It seems that the rose bush is bound to be beautiful even in the growth from the "sting" of an insect.

MOSSY GALL ON THE STEM OF A WILD ROSE.

BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On a walk the other day I found on a wild rose bush a red and yellow hairy growth. I also noticed that the leaves of one small tree all looked as if they had warts on them. I will send you one of these leaves and also the stem of the rose. Will you please tell me whether these are fungus growths, and if not what they are? I am very much interested in this department and have a collection both of butterflies and flowers.

Yours truly, GRETCHEN FRANKE.

This is the mossy rose-gall (Rhodites rosa). The accompanying photograph that I took of

your specimen I know you will say does not do justice, for it cannot show the dainty coloring in beautiful tints.

CHERRY SHAPED AND COLORED GALLS ON OAK LEAVES.

EUTAW, ALABAMA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found these beautiful little oak leaves up in the mountains, the other day, and we are anxious to know what these curious, pretty little balls are. The ground was quite covered with little young oak sprouts, and all the leaves had these little balls on them. At a distance they looked like flowers, and nearer like grapes. I send the leaves in a little wooden box by mail, and hope they will reach you safely. Please tell me what they are.

Your loving friend, KATHLEEN WARD.

These are an interesting *cherry* form of oak leaf galls, quite unlike the *mossy* galls on oak leaves—but in a distinctly different type, none the less beautiful.

To these interesting contributions, I add a specimen of *Psyllid* galls on hackberry. Almost every leaf on the small tree was covered with these beautifully tinted galls, giving the appearance of some new kind of fruit. All



PSYLLID GALLS ON HACKBERRY LEAVES.

these queer growths are caused by the "sting" of an insect placing its egg in the plant tissue.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE WITH MOTHER PARTRIDGE AND BROOD.

MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you about some partridges which I saw at Bar Harbor, Maine, on



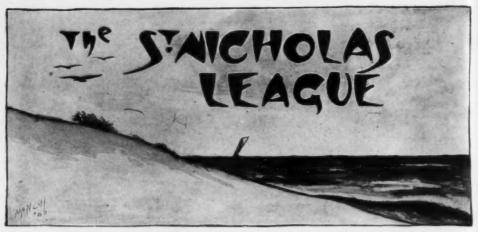
MOSSY GALL ON THE STEM OF A ROSE.

one of my various mountain trips. I and my party were resting after an especially hard climb, when suddenly almost under our feet rose a large partridge. Immediately our two dogs dashed off in close pursuit. I followed quickly, as I had once read that a partridge will pretend to be lame to distract the attention of dogs and people from her nest. She did as I thought she would, and pretended her wing was hurt, so cleverly that I was deceived myself, and was starting to call the dogs off, when suddenly, right at my feet, I saw scurrying along through the underbrush and dry leaves about ten little partridges, which looked more like little brown balls of cotton or wool on toothpicks than anything else. I held my skirt open and two of them ran right in, when all of a sudden their mother gave a sort of a warning chirp as she fluttered past, which must have meant "Keep still and shut up" or something of the like. At once the little birds plumped down where they were, the two in my lap jumping away under a dry leaf, and before I knew it they had all disappeared. I was very afraid that I would step on them, but I made a large jump away from the place, caught the dogs, and left the mother to take her children to some safe place within the woods.

Yours respectfully,
ALICE PLAINE DAMROSCH.

Our young folks will recall that similar feigning lameness by the night-hawk was pictured on page 744 of "Nature and Science" for June last year.

On page 751 of same number was a letter regarding the China pheasant that "ran off limping down the slope as though she were hurt."



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN'S CREST.

BP PHYLLIS SARGENT (AGE 12). (Cash Prize.)

OH, let us climb the mountain's crest, And wander far and far away,

Along the path towards the west, All golden at the close of day. Oh, let us seek for fairyland; It must be somewhere near at hand.

"I cannot; 't is too hard to climb That rugged mountain dark and drear :

Oh, let us wait, there still is time, And surely we are safer here. How should we know the pathway

While there is darkness every-where?"

Oh, we should hear the cuckoo's call.

And follow it through day and night. 'T would lead us safely on o'er all,

Until again we saw the light. Oh, come with me, I cannot stay, I must not waste another day.

You will not come? then I must go, For time is ever flying on; But you will follow me I know To fairyland, when I am gone. You too will cross the mountain's crest,

Along the path towards the west.

doubt, envy those who passed through the ordeal safely, for it was an experience worth having. Such an event is apt to occur but once in a thousand years or so, and it is unlikely that any one now living will live until the next one arrives, either in San Francisco or elsewhere. Perhaps it was the earthquake that has shaken us

back to our correct place in the calendar. We had our July League in August, but we are righted, at last, and the September competition is where it belongs. true that part of it was carried over from last December when our whole schedule suddenly became so upset, but as the September subjects were the same, the piecing together will be hardly notice-

able. October, and we hope all the rest of the months, will find the League and the season going hand in hand in the pleasant way they have followed for more than

six years.

A few new readers may not know just what the League is. Well, the St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers for the purpose of cultivating talent and higher ideals. Prizes are awarded each month with this end in view, though the prizes are by no means the best reward of League effort, as any League member, successful or otherwise, will The League motto is testify. "Live to learn and learn to live," and that fully comprehends every

League aim. League advancement is made through persevering effort and the comparative study of the published work. The membership is free, and badges and instruction leaflets are sent on application. The prize offers and rules will be found on the last League page.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY ALICE DODGE (GOLD BADGE.) SMITH, AGE 16.

THIS month we have some letters from our "earthquake" members, and very interesting ones they are. Probably most members of the League are only too glad not to have experienced that famous "shaking up" and the terrible fire which followed, yet many of us, no

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 80.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, Phyllis Sargent (age 12), Graeme's Dyke, Berthamsted, England.

Gold badges, Ruth H. Keigwin (age 16), 35 W. Sidney Ave. Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Clara Shanafelt (age 14), 816 N. Market St., Canton, Ohio.

Silver badges, Frances Lubbe Ross (age 15), Conshohocken, Pa.; Elizabeth P. James (age 11), Lawrenceburg, Ind., and Bernard F. Trotter (age 15), Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Gold badges, Ruth A. Spalding (age 15), 11 York Ave., Towanda, Pa., and Ellen E. Williams (age 13), 241 Broadway, Norwich, Conn. Silver badges, Grace H. Wolf (age 14), Milford,

Pa., and Lelia Tupper

(age 13), Bruce, Ky.

Drawing. Gold badges,
Alice Dodge Smith (age
16), 170 Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Raymond Rohn (age 17), Buckeye, P. L. Co., Lima, Ohio, and Conrad Bock (age 12), 845 Bennett St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver Badges, Kathe-rine E. Butler (age 15), Hathorne, Mass.; Mary P. Damon (age 14), 98 Washington St., Newton, Mass., and Muriel Dorothy Barrell (age 7), Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

Photography. Gold badges, Charles F. Billings (age 14), Box 116, Thomaston, Conn., and Helen L. K. Porter (age 12), 165 Gates Ave., Mont-

clair, N. J. Silver Badges, Piero Collonna (age 14), Villa Massino, Via S. Basilio, Rome, Italy, and Christina Nielson (age 13), 1832 Myrtle St., Oakland, Cal.

Wild Creature Photog-

raphy. First prize, "Fly-ing Squirrel," by Dwight B. Pangburn (age 16), 731 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Second prize, "Male Bluebird inspecting nest," Clifford H. Pangburn (age 17), 731 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Third Prize, "Seals," Elizabeth King (age 16), 28 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, Grace Lowenhaupt (age 10), 151 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Halesia D. Hoffmeister (age 14), 685 East 51st St., Los Angeles, Cal

Silver badges, Mary D. Bailey (age 14), Mechanics-ville, N. Y., and Caroline C. Johnson (age 12), 87 High St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, James A. Lynd (age 14), 6362 Overbrook Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and Helen Sherman Harlow (age 14), 21 Middle St., Plymouth. Mass.

Silver badges, Lalite Willcox (age 17), 341 S. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Nellie Zarifi (age 14), 27

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Cours Pierre Puget, Marseilles, France, and Kathryn Ivel Wellman (age 12), Friendship, N. Y. Subjects for Competition. Silver ba Silver badge, Mary Pemberton Nourse (age 14), Casanova, Va.

THE LESSER MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY RUTH H. KEIGWIN (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

You ask that I should sing of foreign mountains The crystal sheen of crashing waterfall, The flashing snow, the opalescent shadows, The rose of glorious sunset covering all.



"THE HILLS." BY CHARLES F. BILLINGS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

Ah, lovelier far the dear New England foothills, The warmth of growing green, the gentle breeze Which curves in rolling waves the bending grasses And brings the woody fragrance of the trees.

The juniper creeps low in sunny stretches, The mountain laurel scents the air around, And far above the pine trees lift their branches Shedding their fragrant needles on the ground.

The underbrush bends o'er the stony pathway And rudely catches at the passer-by Who turning gazes on the view around him Touched by the simple beauty 'neath his eye.

Simplicity's own charms can ne'er be equaled; With cheerful growing life, with gentle rest, With happy coloring, she touched the hillsides Of dear New England-touched, and left them blest.

WILD ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY RUTH A. SPALDING (AGE 15). (Gold Badge.)

Many words in the English language have experienced a complete change, either in form or in meaning, since their origination. To the latter class our English word "teinnette" belongs

word "etiquette" belongs.

"Etiquette" is from the French word meaning ticket or label, which meaning our word retained until after the reign of Louis XIV. At that time an old Scotch gardener, who was laying out the grounds at Versailles for the king was much annoyed by the courtiers walking over the newly made grounds. Finding that it did no good to expostulate with these men, he had tickets placed indicating exactly where they might walk. Little or no heed was paid to these signs for a long time. Finally it was brought

before the king's notice and he immediately sent out word that the courtiers must keep within the "etiquettes." After this the gardener was no longer troubled by the courtiers as it soon became the correct thing to keep within the "etiquette."

This phrase has gradually broadened until it no



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY CONRAD BOCK, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

longer means simply to keep within certain signs, but to keep within established forms of ceremony or decorum.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY CLARA SHANAFELT (AGE 14).
(Gold Badge.)

THE blithesome start, the light unwearied steps, The laughing face, bright in the

rosy light
Of dawn; the whisp'ring breeze,

the nodding flow'rs,
The singing birds, and all the
way-side joys—
This is the merry morning of the

climb.
Then comes the golden noon, the

quiv'ring light,
The firm sure tread, the noble
sweet content,

The rest upon the shaded mossgrown seat,

Then on. Upward and upward still
Through the long shadows of the afternoon,
Stumbling and falling but still up and on
Till falls the night, with but a star to guide
Over the rough sharp stones and through the dark.
Then, slowly wonderful, the breaking day,
The golden sunlight, through the thick night-mists.
At last, the summit reached, the wondrous view;
Thus we ascend the mountain men call Life.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORD "HELLO."

BY ELLEN E. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THE word "hello" is one of the shortest and commonest in our language. We hear it used every day as a familiar word of greeting, and it has a long and interesting history, dating as far back as the Norman conquests.

When William the Conqueror was crowned King of England, he introduced the French language for court use; Latin was for scientific writings, and English the speech of the common people. At that time, the British Isles were infested with wolves, and the law compelled every nobleman to kill a certain number each year. So hunting parties were the fashion, and the words "au loup, au loup" (to the wolf, to the wolf) became a sort of password. From a distance this sounds like "alloo, alloo."

It is well known that certain of the English have the knack of dropping and prefixing the letter "h," so when that language came again into favor in the time of King Edward Third, "alloo" became "halloo," and has been gradually shortened into our modern word "hello."



44 FLYING SQUIRREL." BY DWIGHT B. PANGBURN, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY)



"MALE BLUEBIRD INSPECTING NEST." BY CLIFFORD H. PANGBURN, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

SEEN FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY FRANCES LUBBE ROSS (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

I STOOD upon the mountain top, Far, far above the little town, Upon whose homes and churches neat I looked with loving memory down. The twilight made all harmonize, And hid the crudeness from my eyes.

And then the evening star appeared, And, as in answer to its glow, The lamps in many homes were lit, There in the little town below; Until a brilliant chain of light Was hung about the town that night.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GRACE H. WOLFE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

OF all the words in our language, I think that conteen is one of the most interesting.

Originally it consisted of the two words tin can. Later the French took them into their language, adding to the adjective and placing it after the noun, thus making the word cantine.

The French meaning for it is a bottle case.

Soon afterwards cantine was taken into the English language and was spelled canteen, although it is sometimes spelled as the French spell it.

In English this word means a vessel used by soldiers, in which they carry water, liquor, and other kinds of drink

These vessels are made of wood in the English service, but in the United States they are usually made of tin.

Each vessel holds about three pints.

Another meaning of this word is a shop where refreshments and liquors are kept, and sold to soldiers. In late years there has been great agitation in the United States about whether alchoholic drinks should be sold in canteens or not. Finally Congress passed a law prohibiting this traffic.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY BERNARD F. TROTTER (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

DARKNESS, and smoke, and a distant rumble, A sulphurous smell, and a grinding grumble, And the earth began to heave and tumble.

It heaved and tumbled, till, at the close, When after the tumult came repose, A mighty pile majestic rose.

Then through the ages nature wrought With cunning skill, and ever sought To shape the mountain to her thought.

The rain and frost both lent their aid. A dress of pine and fir she made, With grassy slopes and rocks inlaid.

The mountain stands, its lofty head Snow-clad, when the old year is dead, All gorgeous with the sunset's red.

In summer, mists about it play, A little breeze blows them away; But stands the mountain still, for aye.



"SEALS." BY BLIZABETH KING, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

SUNSET ON THE MOUN-TAINS.

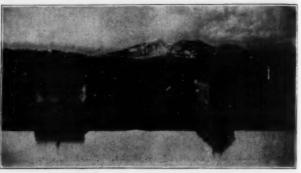
BY ELIZABETH P. JAMES (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE afternoon is waning; And on the mountains there The bright red sun is staining The snow with colors rare

The afternoon is closing; The mountains are at rest; The village lieth dozing; The birds are in the nest.

The sun has sunk completely Behind the mountains high; A nightingale sings sweetly A good-night lullaby.



"THE HILLS." BY HELEN L. K. FORTER, AGED 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

some small boys wondered if the mysterious letters formed the name of something good to eat.

At any rate Daly won his wager. Quiz has now come to mean to puzzle, a riddle or obscure question, or, one who quizzes others.

A MOUNTAIN OF ANCIENT JAPAN.

BY ELIZABETH GARDINER (AGE 12).

THERE once was a mountain all covered with snow, A mountain of ancient Japan. And it may have been there for all that we know, Been there since the old world began.

It towered on high, over garden and vine, This mountain of ancient Japan. It was said, when this mountain was angry a sign Would be sent to the children of man.

Now, down in the village which stood at the base Of this mountain of ancient Japan, Lived a dear little girl, with a dear little face, And her name it was Mimosa San.



"THE HILLS." BY CHRISTINA NIELSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY LELIA TUPPER (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE there lived in Dublin, Ireland, a man named Daly. Mr. Daly was a manager of a large play-house in that city.

One day, while talking with some friends, he laid a wager that in twenty-four hours he would have a new word in everybody's mouth, but no one would know its meaning. His friends took the wager, thinking that surely it could not be done. Soon, on all the fences, blank walls, and sign-

boards, appeared the letters Q-u-i-z.

When two men met, one would inquire of the other if he knew the meaning of these letters. But the answer was always, "No."

Learned men went home and examined their dictionaries of the ancient languages, hoping to find the word.

Members of secret societies probably thought it to be the name of some new club; while perhaps



"THE HILLS." BY ALICE NIELSON, AGE 14.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY E. ADELAIDE HAHN (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

THOUGHT I, standing in the valley, "Now, some climbing I will do," And my name I saw one day in "Roll of Honor No. 2."

Still a little farther upward;
Just a little more is done,
And oh, joy! my name appears in
"Roll of Honor No. 1."

Now this serves to spur me onward, For I see a medal shine, And I climb a little higher And the silver badge is mine.

And I climb a good deal farther,
And a year away has rolled,
When I 've gone near all the distance,
And I 've won a badge of gold.

But I have not reached the summit, And, of course, I will not stop, For the cash prize lies there waiting; Shall I reach the mountain-top?



One morning that dawned o'er this mountain of snow, This mountain of ancient Japan, People all pointed upward, and she looked, when lo! She saw smoke in the shape of a fan.

She ran like the wind to the emperor's palace, The palace of ancient Japan. She held for an offering an ancient gold chalice In one hand, and my how she ran!

But the mountain was quiet and rumbled no more, This mountain of ancient Japan, Not even a sound of a riot or roar, For this story was all on a fan.

A STORIED WORD.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 15). (Honor Member.)

In the early pioneer days, when the crude homes were many days' journey apart and news of the outside world was brought only by the chance traveler, these wanderers were welcomed as old friends and given a place in the family circle.

place in the family circle.

At this time Indiana was but a part of the boundless western region, its people subject to the fierce attacks of the Indians and far from any aid, so that as night came on they bolted their doors and shuttered the windows. If by chance a traveler sought admittance after dark he was first greeted by the words, "Who's hears?"

In the rough language of that time these words became shortened to "Who's yere?" and it was not long until, to Eastern folk, this section of the country became known as the "Who's yere?" region, thus giving to Indiana the name of the Hoosier State.

MOUNTAINS.

BY FRANCES HYLAND (AGE 7).

I LOVE the mountains fresh and green With finest berries ever seen. They seem to change to different hue Sometimes purple and sometimes blue.



"THE HILLS." BY PIERO COLLONNA, AGE 14.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MADELAINE F. H. AIRETIENE (AGE 15).

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, there lived at Lynchburg, Virginia, a gentleman named Charles Lynch. He was a staunch old Whig, but during his early life he had been a Quaker, and his actions were still so governed by that doctrine that he did not take an active service in arms. Nevertheless he did a great deal for the American cause.

At that time, the whole mountainous region of Virginia was infested by Tories and desperadoes of all kinds who plundered and burned the homes of the Continentals without mercy. There was a great deal of horse-stealing too, because horses were scarce in both armies and they brought a good price. As the

war went on the robbers grew very bold because they knew they were secure from punishment in the un-settled condition of the time. To make matters worse Mr. Lynch learned that a conspiracy against the Continental government was hatching in his own community. This was too much for the sturdy old pa-triot. The trial court sat about two hundred miles triot. The trial court sat about two hundred miles from Campbell county, and as the war made it imposnever leave the language of any nation. Mother says it is the dearest little word in

sible to send prisoners so far, Mr. Lynch decided to take matters in his own hands. He, with three neighbors, Captain William Preston, Captain Robert Adams, Jr., and Colonel James Calloway, determined to punish all lawlessness themselves. Under Mr. Lynch's direction, suspected persons were arrested and brought to his house. Here they were tried by Mr. Lynch and the other three gentlemen, the latter sitting as associate justices. The accused and his accusers were brought face to face and when the offender heard the testimony against him he was allowed to call witnesses in

his behalf and to plead his case. If acquitted he was allowed to depart, if convicted he was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back. Then if he did not cry "Liberty forever," he was hanged up by the thumbs until he did say it. The whipping post was a large walnut tree which is still standing on the lawn of the Lynch house.

"STUDY OF A CHILD."

This circumstance which afterward gained Mr. Lynch the title of "judge," was the origin of the terms "lynch-law" and "lynching," now used to designate any punishment inflicted by persons who have not the authority to do so.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY JEAN GRAY ALLEN (AGE 13).

THEY stretch, those lordly mountains, Afar from shore to shore, And outlined 'gainst the deep blue sky As stately as of yore.

And through the tangled branches, A little brooklet lies. Above, the bird's sweet music soars, And rises to the skies.

While hidden by the mosses, With perfume pure and sweet, The violets, fresh and dewy, Our peeping faces greet.

As they have stood for ages The mountains stand to-day. And they will stand for years to come When we have passed away.

NOTICE.-The St. Nicholas League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
Address, THE EDITOR.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY LUCILE DELIGHT WOODLING (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

it is the dearest little word in all the world to her. There has never been a warrior or statesman who has not said it, or a scholar or prince whose lips have failed to form it.

It is "agoo." There is no great mystery or meaning back of it, save the beautiful mystery of babyhood, and the meaning of innocent joy.

Sacred in the record of every mother's heart, and therefore, in the history of the world, is this tiny word. No dictionary explains it, for it can be interpreted only by loving hearts. language has

Every "agoo." Thousands, millions of sweet babies form it every day with their rosy

In crowded tenement districts, babies, mouths. Swedish, Italian, English, can say "agoo," and laugh, and understand each other. But their parents jabber in vain; they have forgotten the language of innocence.

How much better this old world would be, could we all say one simple language, and laugh, and understand! What are all these side issues of learning, any way, in comparison to the pure thought of a little child?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY (AGE 11).

A LONG time ago the Anglo-Saxons had a God that they called Wodin. The Norsemen, however, called him Odin. He and his brothers were supposed to have created the earth. The heavens were his kingdoms.

The Scandinavians also worshiped him, but the place in which he was considered greater was Denmark. There, he was the wild huntsman that rode in the sky, over seas

BY KATHERINE E. BUTLER.

AGED 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

The people had an especial day in which they devoted themselves to Wodin or Odin.

and land.

He drank from Mimir's fountain and thus became the wisest of gods and men. Drinking from the fountain he lost an eye.

Many, many years after, the people changed the name of the day in which they worshiped Wodin to Wednesday, which means Wodin's day.

Ever since that time the fourth day of the week has been called Wednesday.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY MURIEL DOROTHY BARRELL, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MOUNTAIN HOSPICE.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7.) (Silver Badge Winner).

Where the everlasting mountains Lift their snowy peaks on high; While below, the rippling fountains Seem to murmur to the sky;

Where the hunter swiftly climbing Seeks the chamois with his bow, Hears in thought the church bells chiming Of the chapel down below;

There, upon the mountain lonely Live the monks we know so well, Whose one aim in life is only To make refuge where they dwell.

And their dogs, so brave and daring, Going out into the storm; Tho' dumb creatures, wisely caring— Rescuing each prostrate form.

No lost travelers' calls unheeded, Not unanswered, is their prayer; Quick to guide to shelter needed, Lo, a dog's voice leads them there.

Tho' we hear full many stories Of the mountains, east and west, Covered each with countless glories, Still I love this one the best.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARJORIE R. PECK (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

THIS is the story of the word forest, common enough in most countries. The old Normans brought this word with them when they came to England; and it originated in the Latin adverb

forus, which means out of doors. This word forest in those days did not mean the same as it does now, for it meant merely a tract of land, not necessarily wooded, which was not governed by the common law.

In about the year 1070, William the Conqueror, after conquering England and making himself king, laid waste a great piece of land from Winchester to the seashore. This land was not to be governed by the common law, but belonged to the king alone, and he called it the New Forest. It stretched away for miles, rough, rocky, and wild. In this forest there were many wild ani.nals, and William allowed no one to kill them but himself and those whom he invited to hunt with him. Hunting was one of his favorite amusements and he spent a great deal of time in his new forest. It must have been a gay sight, the king, his friends and hunters in hunting dress, riding swift steeds and urging on their packs of fierce, baying hounds through that wild waste.

Later on he had trees planted in some parts of this so-called forest, sometimes to protect the game, and sometimes to make use of land which was not fertile enough to grow anything else, by growing timber. Of course, after some time, nearly all the place was wooded, and as it was called "the forest," people gradually came to call all land that was thickly covered with trees by this name, and they do so to this day.

"BALL."

BY ALICE G. PEIRCE (AGE 13). (Honor Member.)

HUNDREDS of years ago there was in vogue in Europe a three-fold game in which the young men and women took part. In this game the people danced to the sound of their own voices and as they danced they tossed a ball—so called by general consent—back and forth to one another. It is said that this game originated from the Neapolitan custom of "Ball Playing in Church" during Saturnalia or "Feast of Fools" which corresponded to our Easter time. The ceremony began



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY RAYMOND ROHN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

by the Dean taking the ball in the left hand. Then commencing an antiphon, in which all the choir boys joined as they danced around him, singing at the same time, he threw the ball to first one and then another. There is still in existence a statute which regulates the size and character of the ball used on these occasions.

Thus when the three-fold game, mentioned above, separated and the three sets of dances became independent of each other, the dance itself took the name of the article used in this dancing game, therefore it was called a "Ball," and the song sung as they danced was styled the Ballata or according to the present time Ballad—indicative of a dancing song. While Ballare brought into existence the French Ballet applied to a dancing tune.

This is the origin of the word "Ball" in its relation to a dance.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. Its membership is free. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY BUFORD BRICE (AGE 11).

(Honor Member.)

THE full dress of our army and navy officers is topped off with the chapeau, yet few know the origin of this peculiarly named hat, and I am going to tell you what I have learned about it. It sounds Frenchy, and indeed it is of French origin, although it is now used every day by the English. Many, many years ago when the Crusaders marched to the Holy Land to take the birth and death place of our Saviour from the Saracens they all wore queer caps made of catskin.

These caps were worn mostly by the French, and the French name for cat being chat, and the French name for skin peau, they combined the two and called the caps chapeau. After that, the word was applied to all hats by the French, and to the full dress hats of the officers in the army and navy of this country.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY REBECCA EDITH HILLES (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

In the days of long ago the old alchemists were very superstitious, and believed that if they put the sign of the cross in the bottom of their melting pots, it would bring them better luck. Thus when the clay was soft, and the pot was being formed,

they imprinted the figure of the cross in it, and would not use one without, for luck's sake.

Little by little, as the years went on, the custom formed so long ago disappeared, but the word crucible was given to all chemists' melting pots. If you look it up in the dictionary, you will find it only says, "A chemist's melting pot," but originally it got its name from the old alchemists and their superstitions.

A SUMMER SAIL.

BY MARGUERITE RADLEY (AGE 10).

THE summer sea is a quiet pool,
Where the minnows play:
And the bullfrogs chant their croaking notes,
After the close of day.

The summer boat is a pea-pod green, And the sailor brave and true Guides the sail, a rose-leaf sail, Made by a lass like you.

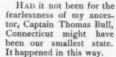
The summer crew are sailors bold, All wearing yellow coats; And they are very, very small, For they are only oats.

The summer boat sails round about, Landing at islands gay; Unloading ribbons very fine (Some worsteds thrown away).

At last the pretty summer boat, Lands once more at home; The sailors are planted in one small heap, Never again to roam.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET E. BULL (AGE II).



In 1664 the Duke of York desired land in America, so the King gave him New Netherlands. Its eastern boundary was to be the west side of the Connecticut river. This land was claimed by Connecticut and when the people heard of this they were naturally extremely angry. When Col. Nichols came to America, he at the King's command decided this troublesome question. He made the disputed boundary what it is at present.

This did not suit the Duke, so in 1674 he secured a new patent containing the same territory as in the first one. When Major Andrass (the new governor) arrived in America he was so pleased with the

he was so pleased with the country that he determined (by the right of the new patent) to rule the land west of the Connecticut, and as the war with King Philip was at hand he offered the aid of his troops to the people of Connecticut. But word was brought to Hartford, telling of other reasona for Andrass' generosity. It seemed that he was about to take Saybrooke by force, and then take other parts of the colony to establish his rule. Upon the receipt of this message a company of militia was despatched to Saybrooke under Captain Bull with instructions to "inform Major Andrass that Connecticut had no need to trouble him because of this uprising of the Indians," and "to avoid striking the first blow."

The militia arrived, none too soon, for already Andrass' ships had appeared in the harbor. Bull immediately ran up English colors and Andrass did not dare to fire on his own flag, so he waited and three days later on the 12th of July, asked if he might land and have an interview with the principal men of the town. This request was granted, and the same day he landed. He was met by the men, headed by Bull who quietly told Andrass Connecticut needed no aid. Andrass paid no attention, and haughtily commanded the clerk to read the papers which gave him his pre-



64 STUDY OF A CHILD." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

tended authority. But Bull determined it should not be read, and commanded him, in tones that even Andrass dared not oppose, to stop.

The Major with all his faults had some fine traits of

character for he was struck with Bull's firmness and he asked his name.

"My name is, Bull, sir," was the reply.
"Bull!" responded Andrass, "'tis a pity your horns are not tipped with silver."

But the governor saw it was of no use to attempt to overawe the people or take the town by force, so he soon sailed for Long Island to annoy Connecticut no

CHAPTERS.

Ir all League members knew how much fun chapters have, and how much they are benefited by their meeting, every member would be a chapter member. Chapters meet and read the League contributions and other interesting things aloud, play games, get up entertainments, and work together in many ways. Some of them have small dues and sets of rules and regular meeting-places. Others meet at members' houses in rotation, and enjoy themselves in any way that pleases them for the time. To read and discuss the League captributions is one of the most profitable features. New Chapters forming may have their badges, etc., come in one large envelop, postage free. postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 904. Merrill Goodhue, President; Roger Dix, Secretary; four members. Address, 40 Crafts Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass. No. 905, "The Literary Two." Margaret McNeill, President; Jesic Tait, Secretary; two members. Address, 228 Adams St., Memphis, Tean.
No. 905. "O. Y. H." Jess L. Hall, President; Lucile I. Kruger, Constant, these members. Address. 2267 Reading Road. Avon-

No. 906. "O. Y. H." Jess L. Hall, President; Lucile I. Kruger, Secretary; three members. Address, 3863 Reading Road, Avondale, Cinn., Ohio.
No. 907. "The Greenleaf Club." Helen E. Seckerson, President; Helen F. Sargent, Secretary; five members. Address, 95 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
No. 908. Fred Wish, President; Harold Colby, Secretary; seven members. Address, 395 Cumberland Ave., Portland, Me.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO'S DESTRUCTION; BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

DRAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine was not sold in the city, on account of the fire, this month, so I was not able to find out what the subjects for the League were, but I am going to write a description of the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco, as I may never again have the chance to write on such an interesting



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY BLLA E. PRESTON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

VOL. XXXIII .- 132.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY MARY P. DAMON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

subject. It is much longer than the League allows, but I could not make it interesting if I cut it short. So will you kindly excuse the length and please look over it.

Yours sincerely,
CORONA WILLIAMS.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE OF SAN FRANCISCO. APRIL 18TH, 1906.

Wednesday morning, at twenty minutes after five, I was awakened by the crashing of broken ornaments and falling furniture. The house was rocking to and fro so violently, that I lay still in my bed, and my only thought was that the end of the world was coming. The shaking keeps up for a long while, and soon my bookcase, full of books, fell on my bed with a crash. After a few minutes I was able to stand up, and every member of the family rushed downstairs in their nightgowns, while a few had grabbed a blanket or a wranner.

wrapper.

Now the streets seemed to be alive with people, some dressed, but others huddled together with only nightgowns on and bare

After we had dressed and were a little more calm, we walked around the streets, with a few of our friends, to see the damage done around us. The greatest ruin near us was St. Luke's Church, for there all the walls of that beautiful, new, stone building were

The earthquake was so terrible that it had caused the earth to ane earmquake was so terriole that it had caused the earth to open in several places, and down near the water front they were so bad that we saw one crack where a truck had been half buried in it. One crack I heard of opened so wide that a cow sunk down in it, and when the ground closed again, she was buried in the hole, and left only her tail sticking out. In other places the earth sunk two or three feet.

left only ner tain sticking out.

Three feet.

We then went up on a hill and from there we could see eight or nine fires, that had started down town from the broken electric wires. The flames were very high, and they could not be subdued, because the earthquake had broken the pipes and no water could be gotten. Very soon all the troops were called out to fight

the flames. Very soon an the troops were cancel out to light the flames. From our hill we could see a few of the ruins. The City Hall had nothing, hardly, left to it but the steel frame, and that was all that was left of nearly all the other brick or stone buildings. Later it was found that two hundred and ninety-seven people were killed by the falling bricks and by having the buildings collapse on top of them, and they expect to find more in the ruins.

Every one sat on their steps that day waiting for another shock, but only a few small ones came. In the afternoon there was a pitiful sight of all the poor, homeless people trudging up the hill to Lafsyette, and other parts, with what little they could save alung over their backs. Some people got so rattled, that they picked up the most unnecessary things, such as large glass vases and ther best hats, with hardly any clothes or blankets. One man was seen rushing from his house with very few clothes on him, with a bicycle pump and an empty bird-cage in his arms.

That night every, one who owned a home slept on mattresses in



" MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

their drawing-rooms or halls, while the parks were crowded with shivering men, women and children, and even poor little babies, some of them not even a year old. But all the people bore it wonsome or them not even a year on. But all the people bore it wonderfully well. Every one, even those in the parks, were cheerful, and
laughing at all the jokes, for funny things happened even in these
thard times. In fact, people could not and did not wish to realize the
terrible state of things. People who were naturally weak became strong, stronger than any one che, and some crary people became sane. One thing that showed how kind people were, was that citizens carried their pet animals and birds with them wherever they went. They even left their clothes behind, so as to be able to

carry their pets.

The next morning the fire was worse, and what excited me more than anything was that every one was leaving the city and going to the Presidio. Even some rich people, who were not able to get a carriage, hired scavenger wagons to convey their families and

a carriage, hired scavenger wagons to convey their families and baggage away from the city.

Later, in the afternoon, some of our friends wished to leave the city and go to the country. They all felt the same way, but we had to stay by our home, or else it might be looted. They hunted everywhere for a carriage or wagon that would convey them to the ferry, but nothing could be found. At last, as the fire crept nearer and nearer, and the flames rose higher and higher and threatened to burn the whole city, they became so desperate that they would take anything for any price. After searching for a long while, they found an expressman, who agreed to take them down is his cart for twenty-five dollars. They accepted it, and as I watched them rattle off I wished, with all my heart, that I were in their place.

That evening a soldier came to our corner with a horn and called out for the people around there to leave their houses and go away, That evening a soldier came to our corner with a horn and called out for the people around there to leave their houses and go away, for they were going to dynamite the house opposite us, to prevent the fire, that was now only four blocks away, from spreading and burning the rest of the city. But we did not want to leave the house until the last minute, when the fire was only a block away, so we were told to open our windows from the bottom and go to the back of the house. We did what we were told, and waited, but as nothing happened, we came back again and found they were not going to dynamite the house after all. By this time, large red hot cinders were falling thick around us and the fire was a block nearer now, on Van Ness avenue

Van Ness is a very broad street, broader than any other but Market, and it really was the only thing that saved our house, for the fire took a very long time to cross the street, which it did in two places, and by the time it did cross they had gotten enough water to control it. When it was finally stopped two blocks from us, more than half of the city was gone, but the saddest part of all was to look on the ashes of houses once the homes of our friends.

Thanks to all the kind people in the United States, there was an one starving that night, for other cities sent money, food and tents for the poor people, and now most of them are living as happily as is possible under the circumstances. There is a regular tent city in the park in front of us, and they all seem well provided for.

CORONA WILLIAMS, (age 12).

ANOTHER STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE

SACRAMENTO, CAL DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a day or two before the earthquake in San Francisco, I received a League Badge and leaflet from

That terrible morning of the earthquake, after we got into the street, I was too afraid to go back into the house, and the fire came and burned up our home and everything in it.

We lost everything. I had nearly a hundred books of my very

own; my parents had selected them for me to start a library with. I also had a nice collection of postal cards, two large albums full, and a collection of stamps.

I lost my Columbia chainless bicycle, and my steel ball-bearing

I lost all my numbers of ST. NICHOLAS for three years back, and I miss those as much as anything.

Your loving reader, JUSTINA RENNIE, (age 14).

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE:
Through you I wish to thank
the members of the League, especially those belonging to the postalcard exchange department, for the kindness which they have
shown to one who has experienced the earthquake and fire of
San Francisco. One of the League members wrote me a nice
note and enclosed a five dollar bill, saying that, as the banks were
closed, I might be in need of money, and that this would be useful.
Fortunately my home was not burned, although the fire came
within four blocks, and the money so generously sent was not
needed. The girl who sent it had never corresponded with me in
any way but by the postals, and we were strangers to each other.
Several other League members wrote me kind and sympathetic lettrest, offering help. This shows that, although the postal-card department has been withdrawn from the League, it has done much good
and made strangers friends. Thanking the League members again
for their kind and thoughtful notes, I will add that San Francisco
has suffered a great disaster, but ahe is still on the map and is rapidly
being restored. The San Franciscans will rival the Athenians in the
rebuilding of their city.

Sincerely yours, as a League Member,
Helen Runyon.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. My DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I am writing now to tell you of delightful picnic that the members of Chapter 754 held on May 5th, 1906. We started at ten o'clock, five of us, with our chaperon, Miss

Forster.

We reached Rosmary, where we got out and climbed a steep ill, at the summit of which we stopped. Then we all went into the wood, leaving Miss Forster to take care

of our wraps.

When we wanted to find another member we called our club song

and they answered.

We went in search of May flowers and we had a good many

when we all returned to dinner.

After lunch, as our club has a baseball team, we all played baseball, and we then went home, merry but dirty children, after a delightful day. Your very loving reader,
FLORENCE M. WARD.

Other welcome letters have been received from F. Aldridge, Eleanor Copenhaver, Frances Dameron, Elizabeth Eunice Wheaton, Arthur Jenning White, Jeannette Covert, Charles D. Holt, Elizabeth Wotkyns, Miriam C. Alexander, B. F. Simonds, Carolyn Hulbert, Alleen Hyland, Elizabeth Page, Emily W. Browne, Joseph T. Boudwin, Geneva Anderson, George D. Robinson, Dorothy Marcus, Leonard Ochtman, Jr. Mary G. Bonner, Janet McLeod Golden, Grace E. Moore, Madelaine Airetiene.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. z. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work deserves encouragement.

Mary Elizabeth Mair Mary Taft Atwater Vincent Millay Doris F. Halman VERSE 1. Warren Karner Eleanor McGrath Camilla Ringhouse Margaret Abbott Mary Yeula West-Emmeline Bradshaw Arthur Albert Myers Louisa F. Spear Frances Moyer Rose Margery Eldredge Aileen Hyland Kathryn Sprague DeWolf M. D. Woodward Maud Dudley ShackBeryl Margetson Marguerite McCor-mick

Emma Louise Con-

Leonard Ochtman, Jr. Ethel Bottomley

Mary von Bühren Dorothy L. Dade Minnie O. Miller

Lillian Wright Florence M. Smith

Margery Bradshaw Gertrude Emerson

Albertina L. Pitkin Helen M. Copeland

Dorothy Dunn Maude G. Barton Joseph B. Stenbuck George M. Wright.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ignacio Bauer H. R. Carey Alfred C. Redfield T. H. Mckittrick, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Harriet Bingaman Florence S. Herrick

Rebecca Salsbury Elmer Beller

Carroll S. Bayne

Alice I. Cousens G. C. Squires Dorothea Havens

Richard Thomas Anne Rogers
Margaret B. Street
Lazare H. Mark
Theo. F. Kalbfleisch,

Elsie Marsh

Gertrude Skaife

Gene Spencer Frieda Funck Marian J. Sherwood Mary L. Powell Harold H. Wish T. Hank McCaughey

verse Lorrenzo Harris

May Henderson Ryan Lewis S. Combes Edward Holloway

VERSE 2.

Alice Brabant Moselle Neely Primrose Lawrence Ethel Louise Knight Marjorie C. Paddock Maude H. Brisse Earle Caldwell Wilber K. Bates Marjorie Cordley Frances Bailey Frank Follis Rachel L. Thayer Alice Weston Con Helen S. Heyl E. Hoffman Edward N. Horr Lucile M. Kahn Eleanor R. Atherton

PROSE 1.

Elsie F. Weil Millicent Pond Rose Philip Carolyn Hutton Henry Resch Lois F. Lovejoy

PROSE 2.

Eleanor Hathorne Bailey Marion G. Stedman Jessie Tait H. K. Pease Margaret Whitney Dow Minabelle Summy James G. Adams Sarah Brown Gertrude Boland Isabel Millen O. P. Nelson Elizabeth Hirsh Margaret Spahr Helen E. Scott Helen Lathrop Mary Emily Bailey H. M. Guilbert Sarah Tobin Madeline Smith Emma Coahran Arthur Gude, Jr.
Alice T. Crathern
Edward F. Casey
Bloom Wise
Anne Eunice Moffett
Margaret Reeve
Marian Chace Violet Morgan Gwendolene Tugman Margaret Drew Jerome Brockman Phyllis Ayer

DRAWING 1.

Marion Bastogi Edna Cotter Norvin McQuown Richard A. Reddy Wilhelmina Wright Sybil Emerson Elise Gledstanes H. Roswell Hawley Marion Whittemore Marion Whittemore Roger K. Lane Beth May Bruce Price Post Emily W. Browne Edith Emerson Henry C. Hutchins Bertha Vaughan Emmerson Gladys Memminger Dorothy Ochtman

Mildred Andrus Elisabeth Manley Lucia Ellen Halstead Carolyn Sherman Ruth Cutler Elizabeth G. Freed-

Otto Bodenstein Elizabeth MacLaren Robinson Mildred E. Burrage Carl B. Timberlake

DRAWING 2.

Jeannette Pierson Elizabeth Scott Mac-Dougall Mary Aurilla Jones William W. Westring, Jr. Raymond E. Cox Kathleen Buchanan Ida F. Parfitt Marie Louise Allen Marguerite B. Albert Milred C. Jones Lucile White Rogers Marie Atkinson Avis Ingalls
Julia W. Kurtz
Louis Kennedy
Helen H. de Haven

Katherine Mary
Keeler
Florence Sherls
Mildred Whitney
Margaret Dobson
Marion Hale
Milton See, I-Milton See, Jr. Natalie Johnson Helen Worstell Margaret B. Richard-Margaret Reed Margaret Gale Elizabeth Cockle Edwin B. Goodell, Jr.

Evelyn Buchanan Elizabeth Train Anna Graham Wilson Katherine Walsh Elizabeth Eckel Theo, F. Schoff
Albert S. Schoff
Chauncey Brewster
Susan J. Appleton
Richard Elterich
Harold A. Wadman
Katharine E. Pratt
Valentine C. Bartlett
Harold S. Wood-Elorence Foristall Josephine Holloway Alice Mackey Howard Easton Smith Virginia Hoit Helen May Baker Paul Klingenstein Prescela Bohlin

PUZZLE 1.

Carl Philippi
Beatrice Heinemann
Alice R. Bragg
Mona Mundell
Robert L. Moore
Arthur B. Warren
Katharine Neumann Anita Nathan

Julia D. Musser Stella E. Jacobs Wilhelmena Van

Winkle Lowry A. Biggers Louise McAllister Elizabeth Palmer Lopez Edgar J. Nathan Isabel McGillis

PUZZLE 2.

José Machado W. Leslie Todd Marguerite Magruder Bancroft Brown Elsie Verity Lois L. Holway osephine Freund Mary Curtis

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 83.

LIST BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. drawings, photographs, phases, and to gold-badge win-ness who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 83 will close September 20 (for foreign members September 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "In Days of Old."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Knight." Must

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Clouds.

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Cosy Corner" and a Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any ST. NICHOLAS department.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nich-Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender. and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month-not one of each kind, but one

Address: The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



"GOODNIGHT TO THE LEAGUE." BY KATHARINE L CARRINGTON, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

SPELLING REFORM. read enough of English literature to be able to compare the language in its beginnings, in the poems of "Beowulf" and "Piers Plowman," with its present form in the books of to-day, will not be found among those who comment upon the idea of changing English spelling only by gibes and jokes. They know that spelling is being reformed all the time. We do not spell at all as our forefathers did, and their spelling differed from that of their grandfathers. No one doubts, unless he has not studied the matter, that there are many absurdities in modern English spelling. No one familiar with the changes of the last few years can doubt that such changes will continue to be made. The same cause that led us to drop the final k in "musick" and "physick," will in time lead us to get rid of other letters found useless.

Some people rejoice in all changes; some cling to old things as if age alone made all things sacred. In this matter, as in all others of the sort, the best course for young people is the golden mean-be ready to make changes you find reasonable; be slow to change merely for the sake of change.

A number of learned men have been invited by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of the richest men in the world, to help on the reform of English spelling, and they have suggested certain changes in our usual forms of spelling. It might be well for you all to think over the changes they recommend, with a view to adopting such as are thoroughly approved.

Among celebrated Pom-"BEWARE OF UGLINESS!" peiian relics is a well-known flooring of mosaic forming the picture of a fierce dog chained, beneath which is the advice. "Cave canem!" Even one who does not know Latin might guess that this was the Latin way of saying, "Beware of the dog!"

Boys and girls who have people's ideas, their tastes, their ideals, than from many a more evident peril.

> A writer in the journal called "The Printing Art," speaks of the atrocities of many color supplements, and condemns the ugly, distorted vulgar pictures that have become so common by the cheapening of print. He says: "It is the children who suffer . . . When this country is seriously trying to implant a knowledge of, and stimulate a taste for, better things . . . through exhibitions, museums, libraries, and schools, it is not a little disheartening to realize that every step in this direction gets a weekly setback through these color atrocities." We hope that all St. Nicholas readers, who know the meaning of good art and literature, will not allow their taste for better things to be influenced by such inferior productions.

> THERE are objections to A COLLECTION OF POETRY. all collections. It is better to see relics in their natural places rather than in the museum where they are huddled together with others from afar. It is better to see plants in their own living-places than under glass in botanical houses. But the collections have their advantages for students.

> In literature, it is better to read poems as you come upon them and when you can believe in them most. But if you wish to find a poem of a particular kind, it is of the utmost importance to have a collection wherein they are classified like with like. Such a treasury of poetry has been recently prepared for Doubleday, Page & Co. by Dr. Henry van Dyke. It is called "Masterpieces of Poetry," fills six handy pocket-volumes, and besides being a storehouse of beautiful poems, forms with its introductions and explanations a most helpful means of studying English poetry as literature.

THEY tell an interesting LEAVE THEM ALONE. story of a lawyer who was too conscientious to give one of his clients ad-It is a pity that warning signs cannot be vice on Sunday. The client in great distress, inattached to other things than to dog-houses, sisted that he would get into serious trouble weak spots in the ice, and dangerous roadways; without the advice, as it was necessary for him for more harm may come from corrupting to take action immediately, and he could not

"You go ahead, and act as an honest man should, and on Monday I will find the law to support you."

We were reminded of this story by a young girl's letter asking whether the writings of a certain novelist were good reading for a girl of sixteen. We have no wish to name or condemn the works of this novelist, especially since some people admire them sincerely; but it seems to us that a young girl would never have thought to ask the question unless she had seriously doubted whether the books were good for her to read. Therefore, in all such cases we recommend young readers to read, first, all the books that they are sure of; when they have finished those they can begin on the doubtful If they insist upon more particular directions, let them apply to the grown person nearest them whose judgment they most value.

A FRIEND who loves BOOKS. animals recommends to the notice of children with the same tastes a recent book called "Chatwit, the Man-talk Bird," saying that it will be enjoyed by those who love to read "The Jungle Books," and the writings of Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and others who have written fancifully of animal life. In "Chatwit," the author, Philip Mighels, pretends that a magpie has learned to speak and thereby has become of great importance among his fellow creatures. We shall be glad to hear from any of the boys and girls who have read it.

Published by the same firm, the Harpers, are two books of fact, the life of Columbus and that of Cortes, both by Frederick A. Ober. Mr. Ober is very familiar with the regions of which he writes, and is particularly well acquainted with all that relates to Columbus and his voyages. He has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS articles upon the subject.

WE have often asked in WHO HAS this department that young READ IT? readers will let us know what books have pleased them, in order that we may recommend the same to others. From Toledo we received "Rebecca Mary," by Annie Hamilton Donnell. to genuine merit, literary and artistic.

wait until Monday to see the lawyer. But the The letter is so enthusiastic that it makes us lawyer still refused, and would say only this: doubt whether the young writer has not been carried off her feet by admiration of the young heroine. Therefore we should like much to hear from other readers of the same story, and particularly from any young critics who may not find it so entirely pleasing.

> In regard to this subject of recommending books, we believe that there must be many of you who would be very glad to write us about books you have read, except that you think it necessary to compose quite an essay on the subject. That is not at all what we desire. It would be quite enough, if you care to do no more, to write us a brief note saying that you find suchand-such a book interesting and that other boys and girls would like it. Then we can send for the book, examine it, and say what seems best.

IT very often happens that CON AMORE. we cannot exactly translate a foreign phrase, although almost always we can substitute for it a phrase of our own, expressing the same idea. To say that the Italian words, con amore, mean "with love," does not permit us to say that a piece of work done con amore is done "with love." A better translation would be to say it is "a labor of love" - almost, but not quite, the same words.

Now and then an artist, either by his own notion or invited by a publisher, is able at the same time to illustrate a book and to do exactly the sort of drawing that he prefers, because he does it best. Two books that are published by Charles Scribner's Sons illustrate how perfectly artist and writer can work together when the artist finds his work truly a "labor of love." Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood" could hardly be better interpreted than is done by the poetic work of Maxfield Parrish. He draws what the poet tells about, but, more than that, he adds imaginings of his own that go to the same tune the poet has sung. And to keep this beautiful book from being lonely, it finds in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," with the pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith, a twin playmate as pretty as itself. Such books help young readers to see what beautiful thoughts are told in the poet's simple words. These books will an enthusiastic letter in regard to a story called always have the permanent charm that belongs

THE LETTER-BOX.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you two pictures, one of the "Suspended Settle" described in the "Practical Boy," and the other of the "Tree-house" in the "Practical Boy." I made the Settle exactly after the plan,





THE CROW'S NEST.

but in the Tree-house suited it to the tree. It has five (5) sides. My sister is writing at the same time and will describe some of the fun we have in it. Please send a league membership and a league badge and leaflet.

Yours Resp'y,
MAYNARD FICKETT.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother is very much interested in the "Practical Boy," and last year he made a swinging settle like the one described. Later on made a swinging settle like the one described. the tree-house was given in the pages of the "Practical Boy" and Maynard wanted to try that. He, and some other boys in the neighborhood, hoisted the heavy planks for supports but he did most of the other part.

We had a good deal of fun in it, especially at night when it was unbearably hot in our own rooms in house proper. We would take our bed-clothing out and strap it into a rope which hung from the tree, and pull them up in that way. We nailed steps to the tree, though we had a ladder which reached to the tree-house. Usually five slept in our "Crow's Nest," as we call it.

The kodaks, that accompany this letter, are of the swinging settle and the "Crow's Nest." I hope you will print this to show what a little boy of nine years can do.

He has made several other things, too. For Christmas he made my grandmother one of these "American Lady" sewing cabinets, a Morris chair footstool for my aunt, and a music cabinet for me.

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I must close now.

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH FICKETT.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: - I am a boy II years old, I have taken you for three years. I thought I would write you this letter to tell you that I print a paper. It is a weekly paper printed on a press sometimes twelve pages and sometimes eight pages. I am the editor. It is chiefly devoted to "news," and stories. We also have advertisements. It is called "The Dorchester Enter-We do not issue it in the summer. the only amateur paper in Dorchester. There are fully ten other amateur papers in Dorchester, mine being the only one done by a printing press. The others are done by hektograph. The circulation is not very large consisting of about fifty weekly.

Yours truly, ROBERT KELLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Your circular came to-day and I am glad to tell you that my address is not changed. Our house was not badly damaged by the earthquake and the fire stopped eight blocks away at the corner of Franklin and California Sts. We live on the corner of Pierce and California Sts.

The second night after the earthquake we slept at the Presidio the great military reservation. It was a fine night, although we had to hold up umbrellas to keep off the falling ashes. It was almost as light as day on account of the glow from the fire. Friday the wind changed and blew the fire back, so we came home.

The next day I was nine years old. I don't think I shall ever forget my ninth birthday.

The fire burned for three days and nights and lots of the city is left, not touched by the fire or much hurt by the earthquake.

I am very glad I am not going to lose my May St. NICHOLAS. I have no brothers or sisters, so I have lots of time for reading. My favorite story is "The Crimson Sweater.

Your constant reader, ANDREW BURTON TALBOT.

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: - I like to read your magazine very much. Ever since I can remember I have read it. We have an old volume, dated 1886, of the St. NICHOLAS. I enjoy the continued stories very much and can hardly wait till the magazine comes.

The magazine is sent to us and we lend it to all our little friends who also take great interest in it. It is great fun to read the things other children write, and have wished to do so too and become a member of the St. Nicholas League, although I am very much afraid I could not do much. One does not have to write every month, does he? Please send me a leaflet for I would like to be a member.

Your affectionate reader, MARY AGNES WILSON (age 13).

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Grant T. Wickwire, Margaret Reed, Winifred Pigott, Herbert Eugene Hill, Evelyn Dinsmore, Alice Rickey, Nellie Hawkins, Frances Michael, Valérie C. Green, Betty Throckmorton, Carita Beryl Hunter, Helene Waterbury, Wray E. Sexton, Margaret Miller, Marguerite Tilton, Charles, Gardner, Lloyd W. Miller, Tilton, Charles Graham Gardner, Lloyd W. Miller, Dorothy Jewett Vanneman, Rose D. Wilson.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

Subtraction. Landseer. t. Bull-dog. 2. Spa-niel. 3. Sa-in-t Bernard. 4. Blood-hound. 5. M-as-tiff. 6. Col-lie. 7. D-hoie. 8. T-err-ier.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, names, 1 to 3, north; 2 to 4, south; 3 to 4 heath; 5 to 6 Carib; 5 to 7, calla; 6 to 8, brain; 7 to 8, alien; 5 to 1, can: 2 to 6, sob; 4 to 8, Hun; 7 to 3, ash.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. G. a. Era. 3. Grape. 4. Ape. 5. E. II. 1. A. 2. Ale. 3. Alone. 4. End. 5. E. III. 1. A. 2. Ale. 3. Alone. 4. End. 5. E. III. 1. R. 2. Testa. 5. Essay. IV. 1. R. 2. Toe. 3. Roman. 4. Eat. 5. N. V. 1. R. 2. Yas. 3. Reaps. 4. Apt. 5. S. DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Tan. 3. Turin. 4. Sarigue. 5. Night. 6. Nut. 7. E.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Sallust. z. Basi Skate. 3. Gulls. 4. Bales. 5. Brush. 6. Masts 7. Mitre. Basin, 2. RIDDLE. Eye-sea-e, ice.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Stars, Hawthorne; numb America; letters, Adams. Cross-words: 1. Hawaii. 2. Ara 3. Norway. 4. Ottawa. 5. Hainan. 6. Mexico. 7. Oregon. Nevada. 9. Quebec. 10, Massya.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Springtime. Cross-words: 1. Music. a. Apple. 3. Mirth. 4. Faith. 5. Mango. 6. Sugar, 7. Total. 8. Waits. 9. Games. 10. Wheat.

CONNECTED SQUAMES. I. 1. Fumes. 2. Usurp. 3. Munro. 4. Eiror. 5. Spore. Adjoining square: 1. East. 2. Alto. 3. Star. 4. Torn. II. 1. Scare. 2. Conan. 3. Anent. 4. Range. 5. Enter. Adjoining square: 1. Bade. 2. Abed. 3. Dead. 4. Eddy. III. 1. Snare. 2. Never. 3. Avale. 4. Relic. 5. Erect. Adjoining square: 1. Time. 2. Iced. 3. Mean. 4. Eona. IV. 1. Trait. 2. Rinse. 3. Ankle. 4. Islet. 5. Teeth. Adjoining square: 1. Slot. 2. Lade. 3. Odin. 4. Tent. V. 1. Name. 2. Akin. 3. Mind. 4. Ends.

To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the May Number were received before May 15th, from Howell Byrnes—John Fair Simons
—Florence Lowenhaupt—J. Ross Troup—J. Welles Barter—James A. Lynd—Eleanor Wyman—Helen Sherman Harlow—Allil and Adi
—Prue K. Jamieson—Marjorie Anderson—Gertrude Brice—Elizabeth R. Roby—Edwin S. Linton—Anita Bradford—Kathryn I. Wellman—Emma D. Miller—Mabel Alvarez—Lalite Willcox—Nelly Zarifi.

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number were received, before May 15th, from M. Wharton, 1—A. Mayer, 1—P. I. De Lano.
1—A. Mayo, 1—H. E. Rounds, 1—E. M. Wheeler, 1—R. C. Sandford, 1—B. B. McDowell, 2—R. E. Duncan, 1—I. Hill, 1—L. Wells,
1—E. Osborne, 1—M. Mundell, 2—M. B. Williams, 1—J. Rue, 1—Edna Meyele, 2—C. W. Horr, 1—B. W. Towster, 1—M. Northrop,
1—Isabel McGillis, 4—L. Wilcox, 1—Eleanor Underwood, 7—M. C. Overton, 1—M. Magruder, 1—R. Tinker, 2—G. B. Witter, 1—H.

Spayde, 1—Dorothy Bulkley, 7—D. A. Weik, 1—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 9.

OMITTED LETTERS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE x's are to be replaced by letters, but the same letter must be retained throughout one sentence. eight omitted letters will, when rearranged, spell a delightful season.

- 1. xda xs xn xtaly.
- 2. xan xarrie xarry xoal?
- 3. xellie, xed's xearly xine.
- 4. xn xrab xte xn xpple.
- xera's xery xain.
 "xnly xur xlives," xrdered xscar.
- xnn xnd xgnes xre xlice's xunts.
 xed xook xom's xent.

CLARINA HANKS.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Of three syllables am I My first a factory might be; Then on my third let my second lie, And a large sum you will surely see. MARY D. BAILEY

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. TRIPLY behead smaller, and leave a conjunction. 2. Triply behead to irritate, and leave to cripple.

3. Triply behead niggardly, and leave performed.

4. Triply behead one who cleans, and leave a pronoun.

5. Triply

behead to cleave, and leave a pronoun. 6. Triply behead to receive with gladness, and leave to draw near. Triply behead lacking dexterity, and leave slain. 8. 7. Triply behead to germinate, and leave not within. Triply behead closest, and leave repose. 10. Triply behead a piece of colored chalk, and leave at a distance but within view.

The initials of the new words will spell the nickname of a president of the United States.

CHARLES HORR.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will spell the name of a favorite sport, and another row of letters will spell a holiday season.

Dauntless. 2. To marshal. 3. A staff. 4. An attempt. 5. Small, open vessels. 6. To grant entrance.
 Toil. 8. Being prostrate.

EDMUND P. SHAW.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials and finals will spell the name of a great country, and the central letters will spell the

Christian name of its greatest son.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Those who have the use of anything in trust. 2. A short novel. 3. A name given to non-venomous serpents. 4. A rushing stream. 5. An exegetist. 6. Points out the way.

C. E. W. An exegetist. 6. Points out the way.



AVIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters and form a couplet from a poem by a New England writer.

let from a poem by a New England writer.

My 14-34-18-27-20 is a long-billed wading bird. My
21-15-31-8-42-18-6 is the stake-driver. My 35-2237-9 12-41-1-43-18-10-4 is a common, sweet-singing bird. My 7-43-30-22-16-19 builds a hanging nest in the elm tree. My 13-44-32-21-15-18-38 is a bird mimic. My
40-37-46-15-9-27 21-30-43-17 is a deep blue bird. My
6-28-31-24-1-23-13-26 is a white-breasted bird, often seen head downward on the trunks of trees. My 35-13-1-43-33-5-8 25-44-45-36-9-42-18 is a brilliant bird. My 41-36-2-23-18-47-11-9-3 is a common game bird. My 39-3-25-18-5-29 is an ocean bird.

ELSIE LOCKE.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

3 4 18 12 I 15

USE the letters of the alphabet corresponding to the numbers of the puzzle, and then spell (beginning at the upper left number) first, diagonally, then horizontally, then horizontally back, then vertically, then diagonally, then vertically, and last of all, diagonally. The result will spell the name of a state.

HALESIA D. HOFFMEISTER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initial letters will spell the name of a poet, while another row of letters will spell the name of a statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. What Thomas Otway said was "made to temper man." 2. Hired carriages. 3. The pad or roller which inks the type. 4. Short journeys. 5. Tinges. 6. A narrow bay. 7. To choose by vote. 8. Kingly.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON.

ANAGRAM.

FILL each blank with the same six letters arranged so

FILL each blank with the same shall reduce a stage as to form five different words.

"Now * * * * * * * " said an elf, "I pray."

So * * * * * * * then was every fay.

"I'll throw this * * * * * robe away
And I'll * * * * * * * this very day,
For near the * * * * * * * there 's a fray." E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I. BEHEAD four letters from to retire, and leave to sketch. 2. Behead four letters from an architectural projection, and leave congealed water. 3. Behead four letters from a stone of great hardness, and leave an in-

sect. 4. Behead four letters from a mythical person supposed to put children to sleep, and leave a biped. 5. Behead four letters from a southern product, and leave a preposition. 6. Behead four letters from a small closet in which are kept articles of value, and leave a snare. 7. Behead four letters from the caribou, and leave a rumi-

When rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a precious stone. CARROLL BROMLEY CLARK.

DIAMOND.

I. In Spanish. 2. A beverage. 3. Swarthy inhabitants of Northern Africa. 4. Half of a company of soldiers. 5. A black wood. 6. A sauce for fish, used in China and Japan. 7. In Spanish. MARIANNA KROEHLE.

AUTHOR'S ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.

FROM I to 2, a famous American author who was born

PROM I to 2, a famous American audits who was on Independence Day.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Three beautiful creatures in "The Gorgon's Head." 2. One word from the title of one of his novels published in 1851. 3. His occupation. 4. His wife's Christian name. 5. His son's Christian name. 6. The capitol of the state in which he was born. 7. The capitol of the state in which he is "Tales." 8. Three-fifths of a character in one of his "Tales." The last name of the nom-de-plume of one of his friends who, in 1828, started what is now known as one of the who, in 1828, started what is now known as one of the author's best works. 9. The name of a character in "Prophetic Pictures." 10. The place where he received his preliminary education. 11. A position given him by a famous historian. 12. The principal word in the name of one of his famous juvenile books. 13. A character in "The Gentle Boy." 14. A character mendicated in the product of the prod tioned in the novel named by the second cross-word. The last syllable of the author's surname. 16. The date of his birthday. 17. What he habitually was. 18. The surname of a President who was his friend.

GRACE LOWENHAUPT (age 10).

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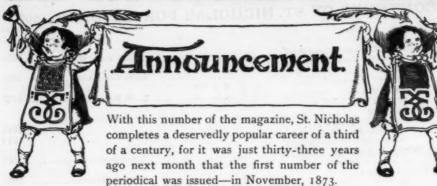
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